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THE VILLAGE HEBE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

The glowing hints of a Tropic eve
Burn softly on her cheek,
And you know that her voice is rich and low,
Though you never have heard her speak;
So full are her gracious eyes of light,
That the spirit of joy wells o'er,
And wherever her blissful pathway tends,
A glory flits on before.

Oh! very grand are the city belles,
Of a brilliant and stately mien,
As they walk the step of the languid dance,
And flirt in the pause between;
But beneath the boughs of the hoary oak,
Where the minstrel-fountains play,
I think that the artless village girl
Is sweeter by far than they.

Oh! very grand are the city belles,
But their hearts are worn away
By the keen-edged world, and their lives have lost
The beauty and mirth of May;
They move where the sun and starry dews
Reign not; they are haughty and bold,
And they do not shrink from the cursed mart
Where Faith is the slave of gold.

But the starry dews and the genial sun
Have ripened her youth to love,
And for one fond look to the earth below
She hath ten for the heaven above;
Her feet are beautiful on the hills,
As the step of an Orient morn,
And Ruth was never so fair as she
In the midst of the autumn corn.

Come, Effie! give thy loyal hand,
Pure as the Parian stone—
Dost tell me again I may call thee mine,
When the winter-winds have flown,
And true that you make the storm-clouds bright,
But is't not fitter that we
Should wed when the Spring—thy sister—comes,
And be a bridesmaid to thee?

The buds shall blossom as bloom our hopes,
And the earth make glad replies
To the music that ripples about our hearts,
Into marvellous harmonies;
Between the nature that glows without,
And the nature that thrills within,
The delicate morning of Love shall close,
And its beautiful noon begin.

Original Novelet.

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM HOWITT,

AUTHOR OF "RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND," "HOMES OF THE POETS," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GRAND DENOUEMENT.

We could willingly linger a long time relating all the joyful results of the remarkable events described in the last chapter, but circumstances are already forming themselves which speedily close our narrative at the Antipodes. Enough that we say that there was joy unbounded in the family of the Popkins'. The misguided Abijah had sown his wild oats: the crop was not to his taste—it was bitterer than wormwood. Gladly he and his admirable little wife, looking still pale but glad, took their leave of the Mill of Lahni, with the aged parents, and not much forgiving and thanksgiving.—The buoyant hearted Mr. Peter Martin rode with them, on his Bluebeard, never tired of telling of the trial, and of that wonderful denouement of what he called the sandy-hued character of Ballarock. That arrogant but only-punished attorney-general, he told them, had thrown up the rest of his briefs at the assizes, resigned his office, it was said, and gone, no one knew whither, and no one, as they believed, cared; so they rode on to Lahni, where Mr. Martin, in a day or two, brought his wife and daughter to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Patty Popkins. The Martins both were greatly taken with her, and with her enthusiastic delight in the delicious Valley of Lahni. Already she looked more like a bloom-cheeked light-eyed little fairy, than the pale, agitated wife of the digging store; and already Abijah, carrying corn-sacks and meal-bags to the mill, his coat and face most comically powdered with flour, and watching the meal come pouring silently down into the hopper.

Miss Fitzpatrick went blithely home, for she had done a good and kindly deed. But a canker haunted him, for the charge against Mr. Peter Martin, which she had made, had stuck there, and had mentally pushed him to a heap of equally unpleasant gregarious mental. He left Barks and his wife behind him, bent on a subterranean forage. At home all was brightness and welcome. Spring was coming with its greenness and its flowers. His father asked after his nuggets, and laughed at him most heartily on his take-in by the Popkins and Holy Joe. Aunt Judith had her geese, young fowls, young ducks, guinea-fowls, young parrots, young native dogs, and young kangaroos in the orchard paddock to show him.—She had also added new rides, and David Jack had brought interesting information of horses and other animals he had seen in his journeys of business. All was smiling, sunny, home-like. No mischief had come from that quarter, save that his father had come to the conclusion that Doctor Woolstan's spiritual manifestations were all "bosh."

Miss Fitzpatrick found a great deal of visiting had been going on among the family and neighbors. The Woolstans, the Metcalfes, the Quarriers had called, and very often came there to save the trouble and speak for themselves. Aunt Judith's old Mr. Quarrier had "kicked up," as the father called it, a desperate friendship. Geordy and Mrs. Ponceford were in a most affectionate league. The two women had made their rides together as far as the Quarriers, the Metcalfes and the Woolstans; where, one day, Geordy had been startled to find Mrs. and Miss Martin, but had behaved—according to her notion, that is—very coolly and distantly, but could not help being astonished at what a handsome and sensible girl Sara Martin seemed to be, and how very amiable the mother, and thinking what a pity it was that they belonged to so horrid a man.

"Ah! Gremby," said Charles, with a strange flush and air of excitement, as she told him this, "ah! Gremby, you'll come to my opinion, I see. They *are* most charming, most excellent, lovable people."

Georgina stared.

"Why, Charles!" she said, and there she stopped, and looked astonished.

"What now, Gremby?—what amazes you?" said Charles, flushing still more.

"Why," said Georgina, "I do really think—you are in love!"

"Nonsense!" said Charles, wheeling round on his heel, "what stuff you talk, Gremby."

"But what a horrid tangle that would be, Demby, if you were to fall in love with Sara Martin. Oh, gracious me, it would be worse than the affair of Romeo and Juliet," and Georgina laughed, and yet looked serious and anxious.

"Are you in love with that dark looking fellow—that Spenser Grayson?"

"Oh, that I am—that we all are. He is the most amusing, fascinating fellow! It is wonderful where he has fished up all his information, his anecdotes, his witticisms—and then you should hear him sing—he is a first rate poet—he sings his own songs. He has most admirable songs of this colony: the squatter's song, the digger's song—by-the-bye, Charles, you are a digger, you ought to learn to sing

JEPTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Old Jeptha Slaughter sits amid
His mates, the diggers three,
And he lifts his can, just like a man
That fain would merry be.

He's a grim old cove, is Jeptha,
And all his mates are so,
And deeds they've done, ay, every one,
Should have hanged them long ago.

But Dinah Slaughter sits alone,
Under the Banksia tree,
And all alone she makes her moan—
"Not a man will marry me!

"No, not a man will marry me,
Though I'm pretty and girls are few,
For I am of a stock that gives a shock,
And a frightenin' to Jemmy Drew."

Oh, Jemmy Drew was close behind,
And in his arms he caught her,
Says "that's not true, for here's Jemmy Drew—
And I'll marry Jeptha's daughter!"

"Bravo!" said Charles, "I must have that. I've seen plenty of old Jepthas."

"Then there's the Bushranger's Song, and the Commissioner's Song, a most laughable burlesque, the last—I hope that he will come very soon that you may hear him.

"Ay, ay, Gremby, that you may see him—ay, ay, I see who's in love," and thus Charles turned the tables on his sister with a laugh, and patting the sides of his tall kangaroo hounds, ran off.

"Stuff, Charley," said she scornfully; "that's too bad."

This Spenser Grayson, or Dr. Spenser Grayson, was a gentleman who had turned up since Charles went away. He professed to be a naturalist, and had taken up his quarters at a hut on the Quarrier's river near the Goulburn, where the shepherd's wife cooked for him, and whence he made his rides, appearing and disappearing at irregular intervals, and bringing home with him a quantity of plants and stones which he examined by a book, and laid up in an old box. He was a wonderful favorite at all the stations round, and was a continual guest at Tallengetta, where every member of the family was charmed with him. At table he was the life of the party. His anecdotes of life in London where he had lived, his exquisite mimicries of celebrated characters and droll stories of them, convulsed all who saw and heard him with laughter. He had been in India, in the Mauritius, and South America, and his information appeared immense. He was a tall, well-made man of at most five-and-thirty. His hair was black as a raven. His beard, which he wore short and crisp, gave to his olive complexion and handsome oval features a somewhat foreign appearance, yet his style, tone and language were essentially English. He wore a dark suit, dark gray pantaloons and black boots, cut round and plain at the top a little below the knee. His hat was black felt with a broad brim, a broad band, and flat crown. His hands were soft and delicate, and adorned with jewelled rings of great value. Altogether he was a most striking man in person and style. Charles had soon an opportunity of making his acquaintance, and was as much fascinated by him as the rest.

Things were in this position when one day a considerable party were seated at dinner, at Tallengetta, including Dr. Woolstan and this Dr. Spenser Grayson, invited to meet Mr. Flavel, who had just arrived, at Charles's renewed invitation. Charles pleased himself with the idea that not only would the whole of his family be delighted with the aristocratic elegance and intellectual accomplishment of Flavel, but that he and Grayson would be extremely charmed to make each other's acquaintance. He had felt proud in the anticipation of seeing two such men at once under their roof. But, as is the case with many mortal hopes, in this Charles was grievously disappointed. Flavel had arrived and was at once a favorite with the whole family. Mr. Fitzpatrick knew his father, and was well acquainted with his family history and standing. They conversed with much mutual interest on many English and Irish topics, but the moment that Flavel was introduced to Grayson, he made a most cold and formal bow, did not even extend his hand to meet the readily extended hand of Grayson, but withdrew and sat down, cold and cloudy, at a distance. The shock was most painful to all present. Dr. Grayson least of all seemed to feel it. He appeared quite at his ease, talked and gossipped with the ladies, and told a number of anecdotes with great vivacity and humor. Opposite to him at the table, sat Flavel, handsome, cold, grave and silent. Charles tried to break this ice, so chilling to all around him—except to the gay and loquacious Grayson—by referring to his suit at Ballarock, to Crouchy and to the triumph of Randall at the trial. Nothing succeeded; Flavel remained immovably taciturn or merely monosyllabic.

The conversation turned on an extraordinary highway-man, who was astonishing the whole colony. This man had robbed a great number of mails, without the slightest trace of him being obtained. In his audacity of success he had written to the postmaster-general, saying that he could rob every mail in the colony, and defying him to prevent it. It now turned out, by comparing this letter with MSS. in the hands of the editors of the *Argus* newspaper, that all the time this highwayman had been sending to that paper the most beautiful and original poems they had ever received.

"A most curious and amusing anecdote," said Spenser Grayson, "has come to my knowledge, regarding this man. On an occasion lately, he and his gang, for it appears he has a number of confederates, were seated round their fire in a wood. They were very merry, having been very lucky in waylaying a large quantity of gold, and this man suddenly exclaimed, 'A capital lark! The Wargaratta mail is just now coming up. It carries no money of any value, but it will be good fun to take and read the letters, it will help to pass off jocundly the evening.' No sooner said than done, and thus, not for plunder, but for the joke of reading people's letters, did these fellows rob the mail."

"How in the world do you come to know that," exclaimed Dr. Woolstan.

"Nothing easier," said Flavel, laconically.

"How! what!" said Grayson, "how so easy, Mr. Flavel?"

"Nothing so easy," rejoined Flavel, "as a man telling his own story."

The whole table was electrified.

"Now that is too severe," said Grayson, smiling, yet reddening at the same time.

"What a strange man is this Mr. Flavel," thought the ladies. "What can we do with such a man?" "Yes, I recollect," thought Mr. Fitzpatrick to himself, "there is something in that family—second sight, or is it something more—insanity?"

While the company were in this unpleasant, jarred, and awkward state, number of horses were heard entering the court hastily. There was a sudden halt—and the next moment the door opened, and in walked Mr. Peter Martin, with his riding whip in his hand. If a spirit, if a demon had made his entree there, it could not have produced a more violent shock. All rose from the table hastily and with one accord. The ladies terrified, were already in flight. Mr. Fitzpatrick stood, pale, his lips quivering with rage and amazement, yet violently endeavoring to show himself collected before his guests. The amazement of every one was beyond expression—it was greater when at the back of the abominated Mr. Martin, abominated by the heads of this family, appeared a sergeant of police, heading at least a dozen men.

Mr. Peter Martin, calm, self-possessed and confident, advanced into the centre of the room, and turning opposite to Dr. Spencer Grayson, said to the police,

"That is your man, make sure of him."

When all eyes were now turned upon Grayson, that gentleman was seen standing, with a pale yet determined face, and a revolver already in his hand.

"Whoever attempts to touch me, is a dead man," he said, defiantly.

The next moment the head of the police ordered his men to advance and take him; as they made the first move the revolver was discharged, but Dr. Woolstan, who stood at Grayson's right hand, struck up his right arm, and the bullet passed through the upper part of the opposite window, cutting its way so clear that it made not the slightest fracture, but only left a circular hole, perfect as a wadding punch cuts its round in a sheet of cardboard. The next instant Dr. Woolstan had, with a powerful grasp, pinioned the desperado's arms, and the police flung themselves upon him. After a desperate struggle he was secured and bound.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Martin, turning to Mr. Fitzpatrick, "let me apologise for this disagreeable intrusion."

"Oh! pray make no apology, Mr. Martin," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, with bitter and stern irony; "whatever you do—at least where I am concerned—is disagreeable.

"That is only too true," said Mr. Martin, gravely, but with feeling; "that is my fate, that is my misfortune; but let me explain this act, and I think you will admit that it is at least necessary."

Mr. Fitzpatrick nodded to him to proceed; the ladies, who had nearly reached the door, turned and listened intently.

"The other day a party of highwaymen robbed the Wargaratta mail." All now listened with startled attention. "They robbed it singularly enough, not from necessity, nor cupidity, but for what they called '*a lark*.' They desired to read the letters, for their evening's amusement, over the fire."

Every person present thought at once—"This is the very story that Grayson has just been telling; how odd!"

"Well, sir, they read the letters, and much amusement was produced by the exposure of the private affairs and sentiments of the writers. But the attention of one man was arrested by the address of a letter which fell into his hands; it was to that man." Pointing to Grayson. "The holder of the letter opened it; he had strong reasons for so doing. He was the paid spy on this family—and the address of this letter was in the hand of his own patron and employer."

"On this family!" said Mr. Fitzpatrick, in astonishment.

There was an exclamation of wonder and alarm among the ladies. Mr. Martin went on.

"A paid spy on this family; he opened the letter, and found there was a second paid spy on himself, and on this family likewise." Here the sensation was extreme. "That second spy is Dr. Spenser Grayson—better known as a celebrated forger, George Herront!"

At this declaration, there was a perfect shriek of terror among the ladies; the pleasant, the favorite guest, a paid spy among them; Herront, the convict forger, the robber of mails, the associate of highwaymen!

"Sir," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "you are of course prepared to prove all this?"

"Oh! most amply prepared. Listen, Sir Thomas—"

"I beg, Mr. Martin, you'll forego that title; I do not know yet that it is mine; I do not use it, and I count it in those who do, simply a mockery."

"Sir Thomas," continued Mr. Martin, "I know you by no other title, I have never acknowledged it in any other man, and never will. Listen: in a few words I will tell you what concerns you on this point. From the hour you set foot on this ground, your steps have been dogged, and your return to your native land withstood if necessary, by your death, and the death of your son. Need I say with what object, or by whom instigated?"

An expression of terror went through the whole company. When Mr. Fitzpatrick had a little recovered his self-possession, and recalled the strange warning of Doctor Woolstan, he said,

"Can this be true?"

"Oh, too true!" continued Mr. Martin. "In few words, the case is this: Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, usurper of your title and estate, hired a man called Moullier, a Swiss, whom you once exposed and punished, (for fraud on the Course.") Sir Thomas's expression showed that he fully recollected this, "to follow you here; he was commissioned to commit no violence, except in case you or your son contemplated a return to England. That was to be prevented at any cost. The man was well paid, but fell into bad company and habits, as was his nature, and thus under the suspicions of his paymaster. Then was selected and sent out the man who has found his way into your very family, and, under the title of a naturalist, into that of many others. A lucky accident has brought to light and ended this villainy."

"But," said Sir Thomas; "may I ask you how you came to be aware of all this?"

"I have been aware of it from the first. I was at once informed of it by Mr. Barks, your late steward, and now the steward of Patrick Fitzpatrick."

"An arrant traitor," said Sir Thomas; "I would not believe a word of his."

"A most singularly incorruptible, honest, and honorable man," persisted Mr. Martin, "and one of the truest, best friends you have, Sir Thomas."

"What! the man that continued with the knave who robbed his master?"

"Who continued to serve that master," said Mr. Martin, emphatically; "it was to serve you, Sir Thomas, that he remained in the service of the usurper. How else could he serve you as much? And how entirely he has served you! At once he informed me of this plot, and that moment I set out to defeat it."

"You! you! is that possible?" exclaimed Sir Thomas.

The ladies clasped their hands in amazement, and eagerly drew near.

"It is for that alone that I came; for that alone that I am here. What other inducement could I have? At home have I not fortune, friends, and congenial duties. But now I have done what was necessary. Moullier, like many others, thought I was your enemy, because I kept aloof, and he unburdened himself to me. He has, by my advice, submitted to Government, on condition that he shall turn Queen's evidence against this villain and the gang, and shall be allowed to retire to New Zealand."

"Can it be possible that you have been acting as my friend?" said Sir Thomas; "you bewilder me. Why, then, did you not sooner inform me of this?"

"The time was not come," continued Mr. Martin. "The affair was not ripe. You would not have believed me. Besides, I had other work to do."

"What other work?" demanded Sir Thomas.

"Dismiss the police with their prisoner. I will then explain myself. Mr. Waller," he said, turning to the sergeant of police, "you can take your prisoner."

The police withdrew with the quondam Dr. Spenser Grayson in their midst. What a dream it appeared to all who knew him! How curious the instinctive knowledge of his character, and even of his deeds, by Mr. Flavel!

When they had withdrawn, Mr. Martin said:

"Sir Thomas, it has long been my misfortune to stand in a hostile position to you. I will go no farther than is necessary into this unhappy history, because it can do no good; and happily I hold the key to the whole, and, as I believe, the key to perfect concord, and to your full restoration and title."

The astonishment of the whole company was unbounded. He continued:

"Your mother and my mother were sisters—dear sisters. When my mother died early, your mother behaved to me as to a son. I loved her as my mother. I have loved her memory—I have lived to fulfil her dearest wishes. She always feared what has come to pass—the waste of your fortune, the loss of your title and estate. For some time before she died, she had information, the ambassador being dead, and his chaplain not findable, that Patrick Fitzpatrick treated her marriage as apochryphal, and would some day attempt to secure the estate. She bound me by an oath to take no part, should such circumstances arise, till you were thoroughly cured, by the loss of everything, of your ruinous passion for the turf. Here you have the secret of my standing aloof, and of never assisting you during your trials, by any offer of my ample means. Well, here you are; your fortune, your title, are usurped by another, and as for you, I rejoice to say it, I am persuaded that you are thoroughly cured of your fatal passion, that you are a new man; your mother's whole plan is accomplished. I, therefore, now put into your hand the sealed packet of your mother, and I shall be greatly disappointed and deceived if it do not contain the long, vainly-sought certificate of your parents' marriage."

He presented the packet, which Sir Thomas took mechanically, but still held as if he were in a dream. The extraordinary recital which he had heard had indeed perfectly confounded and paralyzed his faculties.

At once Aunt Judith exclaimed:

"Oh, brother, brother! it is our dear mother's letter—let me open it."

She was proceeding to take it from his hand, but the action seemed to rouse him; he held it tight, saying:

"Nay, Judy, nay; it is for me."

He tore it open, gazed a moment on the certificate which it inclosed, and let the whole fall to the ground. At the same time he sat down in his chair, laid his head on the table, and burst into a passion of tears. Aunt Judith again stepped forward, snatched up the papers, and running her eyes inquiringly through them, exclaimed:

"It is so! it is so! it is my mother's marriage certificate! And what is this? It is a letter:

"'My Dear Son:—The day that you open this, will be a day over which I shall rejoice in Heaven! A day of triumph over yourself, and over dark futures. May God bless you and yours!

"'MARY MARTIN FITZPATRICK.'"

It would be useless to attempt to describe the scene that took place; the tears, the embracings, the congratulations in which Mr. Martin became the principal figure. All at once remembered the greatness, the nobility of his character, which had made him willing to endure the ill will and misconception of his nearest relatives, from a sacred duty and for the accomplishment of a great object. Sir Thomas Fitzpatrick was among the first to make this acknowledgment. He stepped forward, grasped Mr. Martin's hand with the affection of their early years, and told him he should never live long enough to do full justice to the nobility of his friendship and the beautiful steadfastness of his character. Mr. Martin shook him by the hand and held it, shook it still while tears rolled down his cheeks, but he could not utter a word. Where now was that iron stoicism of his nature, that unbendable fortitude? All gone! All melted away in the tenderness and the depth of feeling which always underlie that strength.

What more need we say? Much followed, but of it we purpose to say but little. Charles, after rushing frantically on Mr. Martin and actually clasping him in a vehement embrace, as suddenly dashed away, half blinded by his tears, and was gone. Gone whither? He was galloping over the ground towards the station of Moolap, where he sprung into the house, caught first Sara Martin and then Mrs. Martin in an embrace as startling as that he had given to Mr. Martin himself; and then exclaimed: "It is all out, it is all right. We have our own again. My father is restored to his own, or will be; and best of all, it is through cousin Martin, and we are all friends." The ladies smiled, for they had expected some fresh news, and Sara Martin blushed very red, and never looked so beautiful as when Charles added, "And now you are mine, and nobody will say nay; not even you, stubborn, good, dear creature."

Charles would not rest till Ray had the gig brought out, and went off to what he called their grand jubilee.

At Tallengetta a curious as well as merry scene had taken place. After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Sir Thomas, looking at the marriage-certificate, said: "We shall have no trouble. This little document presented in court will put all the Patrick Fitzpatricks to flight like a morning mist before the sun, but still it would have been as well if we had had the living evidence of the chaplain who signed it; this Thomas Tucker."

"I have him," said Mr. Martin. "He is at this very moment in your kitchen regaling himself on beef and brandy, and killing your servants with laughter at his sallies."

"Indeed!" exclaimed all, how extraordinary."

"It was very remarkable," continued Mr. Martin, "but one of the very first names which caught my ear in this colony was Tucker—Parson Tucker, as he is universally called, for he is one of the most public men in it. He long ago had his gown stripped off because of his habits of carousing. He shook the dust of his feet off against the pulpit, and is now a squatter with his £100,000, and famed for his wit, his sarcasm, his love of hard company and his bottle. No man makes a bargain like him when he is sober, or drinks like him when it is made. I have the affidavit of his identity and of the genuineness of his signature, taken by the principal law-officer of the colony, before the governor himself."

No one could sufficiently admire the discovery of this most important man by Mr. Martin, and the business-like manner in which he had done everything.

"But," said Mr. Martin, "here comes the man himself, drunk as a lord."

And there appeared a tall, thin man with very white hair and a very red, merry face, who came forward putting out a hand to shake with every one, and saying: "Ha! ha! my hearties! I am the man. I am Parson Tucker that married you. Ah, there you are, pretty madam. Bless me," seizing the hand of Georgiana and holding her directly before him, "bless me! why just the same, grown no older. Well that is wonderful. But, by wattles and gum-tree! that is not fair now. I'm grown old, white-bearded, have a dozen sons and daughters as big as you. Old Parson Tucker, they call me, and you, why you are just the same pretty girl! And Sir Thomas, aha! well, you are a little older, but not half as old as me yet. Bless me, it must be this climate and this brandy; some say brandy makes me old, but I don't know, every body must get old, only this wonderful young missis here."

"It was my grandmother that you knew!" said Georgina, laughing merrily.

"Grandmother! nonsense, I know you; ah, you were always a merry one. Aha! Martin, my friend! come, you don't ask me to drink. What have you got? We must have a nobbler together after this."

"There is wine," said Mr. Martin.

"Pshaw! wine. Give me some good brandy."

"Well, to-morrow," said Mr. Martin, "but now it is time to retire."

"Retire! What go to bed? Nonsense, it is not time, it is daylight," looking about on the table, and nearly oversetting different decanters. "Foh! I shall go back into the kitchen; there are jolly fellows there, and capital brandy. Good bye! good bye!" and feeling his way along the wall for support, he went his way out.

"And that," said Sir Thomas, "is the man that I have heard my father and mother describe as one of the most gentlemanly, modest, agreeable young men they ever met with? What cannot men make themselves for good or evil."

In the morning, among the guests at breakfast, this same Mr. Tucker appeared; sober, acute, well-behaved, and full of the soundest information about the colony, and curious reminiscenses of his life in India, in the South Seas, in Sydney and here. He invited them to visit him at his house up the country, which some one, when he was gone, said was one of the finest places in the colony.

And now for our adieu to Tallengetta. Amid all the joy of this great turn of affairs, every one of the Fitzpatricks looked with deep regret to quitting it. A year had just rolled round since they came. The spring was here and once more in its glory. Once more those magnificent prairies were rolling their billows of vegetable gold, brilliant, gorgeous and fragrant. Once more they gazed from their happy home over that lovely lake and those vast woods to the blue summits of the distant mountains. They had found friends, kind, cordial, intelligent friends, now dear to them. With some disquiets and anxieties, their short year of life here now assumed an aspect of preeminent beauty, newness and happiness.—Great duties and great advantages called them back to their native land, or they could well have been content to remain here. It was not possible to think of tearing themselves away without heartfelt sadness.

They were even glad of the excuse of staying till they had disposed of their station, and sent on the necessary documents and orders to reclaim their property in England, and rid it of its intruders. These were sent, but as for the station, Mr. Martin said, why dispose of it at all? He should not dispose of his. He had made an arrangement with Jonas Popkins as overseer and third shareholder, and was satisfied that the capital invested would pay him tenfold what it would in England. Why not hold estates here as well as in the West Indies.

"A capital idea!" said Sir Thomas, "but where will you find us another Jonas Popkins?"

"Not a Popkins," said Mr. Martin, "but a Randall, a man in a thousand, and who deserves the very best which fortune can bestow on him."

The idea was seized and acted upon. Mr. Randall agreed to quit his desert, leaving Crouchy on it till it could be disposed of. For some months, therefore, the Fitzpatrick family lingered on at Tallengetta, making the best of their stay by enjoying the society of their friends. They spent days and weeks among them, or had them about them at Tallengetta. They made a visit, when at Moolap, to Lahni Mill, and found the Popkins's there enjoying all the quiet happiness of that beautiful scenery. Abijah was as steady as old Time himself. A regular, sober, rusty-dusty miller, admiring his little active wife, who had now a round rosy face, and a clear, blue eye, reflecting not merely the color of the sky, but the joy of heaven above it. The Fitzpatricks took wonderfully to the old people, and to the young ones too. Mrs. Patty was an especial favorite with Sir Thomas and Lady Fitzpatrick. Mr. Martin treated her quite as a daughter. Aunt Judith got up quite a flirtation with Jonas. She was continually in laughter at his odd ideas, so gravely and innocently expressed.

She went out one day with him to collect some early mushrooms, which he assured her were a species of carnations, because they were said to contain some of the properties of flesh, and carnations were called after flesh. He said that if he could afford it, he would put a Thames Tunnel under the Campaspe, to go through during floods.

"But it would not be a Thames Tunnel," said Aunt Judith, "it would be a Campaspe tunnel."

"No," said Jonas, "that can't be, because there is no Campaspe tunnel; it is under the Thames, and therefore is a Thames tunnel."

Out of that Aunt Judith could not drive him. But what amused her still more was that he told her he meant to marry when he was twenty; and when she asked him who was his intended, he said—

"Oh! she's in England." They had made it up as they sat by a well when they were only ten years old.

"But," said Aunt Judith, "if she was ten then, she is seventeen now, and may have fallen in love with some one else."

"Oh, no!" said Jonas, "for I have written and asked her, and she says she has always been true to me, and can very well wait for three more years."

It tickled the fancy of Aunt Judith immensely, that this faithful couple could afford to wait "for three years more," at the great age of seventeen!

But time has passed on. The Fitzpatricks at length bade a regretful adieu to Tallengetta, and sailed to England. They found their old home and estates all ready for them. Great events have taken place. Charles, with the full approbation of all parties, has married Sara Martin, and prides himself more every day on her beauty and good sense. Georgiana has become Lady Dunallen, for Flavel came over with them in time to add comfort to his father's last days, and it is a curious psychological fact that since he has become attached to a wife, he has had less intercourse with the spirit of his sister. The growing environments of the visible life have, as it were, drawn a veil over the invisible; but never was the young Lord Dunallen more contented with his lot.

Both he and Charles talk of making a visit one of these days, with their wives, to their old haunts and friends at the antipodes, for they remember their abode there as a beautiful and novel portion of their existence, and retain the fondest affection for the Squatter's Home, whether it were in the Desert of Ballarock, or on the lovely heights of Tallengetta.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - -	$5,00 a year.
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object in to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are respectfully declined:—"All and More Beside;" "The Earth's Wedding;" "A Lock of Hair;" "The White Rose of Bethel;" "Laughing Philosophers;" "The Shrew Wife;" "Lines to Walter of G——, etc., etc."

G. M. Harper's Ferry. We know of no such publications.

A Subscriber. New London. We think there are no Magazines published in *Phonographic* or *Phonetic* signs, anywhere.

A. N. C. Sheffield, Mass. Respectfully declined.

M. L. R. That paragraph in relation to the Lawrence estate was copied from some other paper—what paper we do not remember. It contains all we know upon the subject.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

Mr. Howitt's Novelet being completed, we design commencing in our next number,

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post. The following will then be given, though, it may be, not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

OUR NOVELETS.

We conclude this week Mr. Howitt's novelet of TALLENGETTA, which we think all will admit to be not only an interesting, but a very instructive story—affording a picture of life in Australia, the perfect accuracy of which may be depended upon.

In our next paper we design commencing

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL,

BY ALICE CARY.

Miss Cary's high reputation as a poet and story-writer, doubtless will whet the public appetite for the perusal of this last effort from her pen—which, in our opinion, will be pronounced one of the best stories that she has written.

THE SPANISH COINS.—We perceive that the Senate has amended the Coinage Bill, so that the new cents to be made of nickel and copper, will be paid out at the Mint for the Spanish coins, at the full or nominal value of the latter. This is much better than the plan to get possession of them at the reduced rates first contemplated, and which plan certainly would have failed of its object.

A WORD ABOUT MUSIC.

A correspondent of the New York Musical World, says some things which we welcome as confirmatory of the soundness of our own cherished, but heretical, musical opinions. He says that Mendelssohn—Mendelssohn, be it remembered, is one of the very greatest of great German composers—expressed himself much delighted with some of our popular Ethiopian melodies. The writer chanced to meet him at a German watering-place, in company with Ferdinand Freiligrath, well known to many of our readers as one of the patriot poets of Germany; Hoffman Von Fallersleben, one of the Gottingen professors, and also a popular poet, and Gutzkow the dramatist. All these eminent men were charmed with some of the best Ethiopian melodies, and Von Fallersleben so much so, that he requested to be furnished with the notes of a number of these airs, to which he afterwards wrote German words for the German people. The writer goes on to say that he always put into ecstacies a stern old German theorist at Frankfurt, who usually condescended to nothing less classic than the music of Bach and Beethoven, by thrumming on a guitar and singing to him the negro air of "Coal Black Rose"—which we agree in thinking a beautiful melody.

These are capital nuts for those people to crack who are continually declaring, in theory and practice, that no music is good but those difficult compositions which try the throats and lungs of trained singers, and are more remarkable for intricacy and capriciousness than for euphony and melody. We have often stoutly declared, and been scoffed at and laughed at for declaring, that certain simple and familiar airs had in them a soul of music more pure and true than could be found in many of the impudent and tawdry operas and operatic pieces which wear out so many thousands of white kid gloves in the annual applause they demand and receive, and are the cause of so much fine fustian said and written in their praise. But the Ethiopian tunes, or the Scotch or Irish melodies we have cited, have been contemptuously flouted and accounted unworthy of consideration. Yet Mendelssohn can listen to such music with delight, and the educated ear and cultivated mind of eminent poets and artists receive it with hearty pleasure and approbation.

The fact is, that any melody that satisfies the sense of beauty, and stirs the sources of satisfaction in our hearts, is true and good music, whatever pedants and professors say. "Annie Laurie" is as noble a melody of its kind and degree, as one of Beethoven's symphonies. Diversity is not necessarily inferiority. A tea-rose is as lovely as Niagara. No doubt the cataract is greater than the flower, because the emotions it excites are greater; but the flower is also great, notwithstanding. And no doubt Beethoven's seventh symphony is greater than "Annie Laurie;" but "Annie Laurie" is great, also. The world of art is wide, and many different things have their proper and honorable place therein. We cannot but compassionate those bigoted catholic dunderheads who must turn up their artistic noses at the melody of "Rosa Lee" because Mozart wrote Don Giovanni. What would be thought of the person who should declare that exquisite gush of pure pathos—Burns's "Highland Mary"—not poetry, because of Wordsworth's majestic Ode to Immortality?

As for the Italian trash which is foisted off as music at the concert rooms on a credulous public *afraid to think for itself*, or afraid to say what it thinks, because said music is puffed in the venal papers, and pronounced superlatively superfine by the dilettantes,—it deserves to be, and we hope it will be, blown into the limbo of oblivion. As music, it is beneath contempt.—Nothing can be music that is devoid of melody. A confused tumble and jumble, and swarm of notes huddling and fuddling from the throat of the singer or the keys of the instrument—or a series of methodical yells, trills, demoniac guffaws, and caterwauls hopelessly intermingled and poured forth with uninterrmitting intensity and unbroken continuity from the same sources—is not music, however difficult of execution, or wonderful for its intricacy and singularity.—It bears no more relation to true music than the legerdemain of Signor Blitz does to the mighty arm-sweep of Cicero in the climax of his eloquence. It is something done before us, not something done for us. The effect of true music is always poetical. It melts and kindles, it dilates and inspires. The sham music may fix attention and excite wonder; it can do nothing higher. The one is an angel singing to the soul in the soul's own language; the other is an imp tickling the ear with a nightingale's feather.

Of course, our readers will understand us as thinking well of Italian and other foreign music worthy of the name. Precious little we hear of it, though. What we do hear, is only half sung or else mutilated in the singing, by the enterprising foreigners who come here, bent on fingering our dollars at as little outlay of voice and effort as possible. For instance: we doubt very much if the grand and weird German opera, *Der Freyschutz*, often as it has been sung in this country, has ever been entirely sung, and we doubt if ever an operatic troupe visited this country whose ability was equal to the effort of singing it. Individual artists there have been and are in the country capable of performing their parts in the score, but a company, never—if so, when—and where? No; we are fed with the draff and husks of music, with now and then a fine melody thrown in, by way of lid-bit, and are talked into believing it all magnificent. This is true in more than half the instances. Meanwhile, our own household airs—those tunes that are the lyric poetry of music—the psalms and chants, the songs and melodies that are entwined with our very heartstrings, and sing among our sweetest and saddest memories, pouring their own sweetness and sadness around them like the light and melody of heaven—are decried and despised, and we are advised to consider them simple and low in comparison with this thoughtless, soulless, emotionless, meaningless, brilliant fiddle-faddle which gets ventilated on concert-room platforms, or poured from brassy and noisy orchestras!

It is all a mistake. We advise people to think for themselves, and not take their music any more than their morals, on somebody else's word. Yankee Doodle, The Star-Spangled Banner, Money Musk, Dundee, Coronation, the Marseilles Hymn of Liberty, Old Dan Tucker, Coal Black Rose, Annie Laurie, Sweet Home, and a hundred others, will be sung and played when this foreign riff-raff is forgotten—will be sung and played with the master music of Mozart and Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Rossini and Weber as long as human art and human memory can transmit melody to the generations. Let the puffs and pedants have their own way. But when you hear music that speaks to your heart and soul with the supra-mortal voice of sunsets and rainbows of sunshine and laughter, of death and the thoughts of immortal life—music, like the speech of orators, like poems, like the pageantries of nature or the master-works of art, or like whatever is great and glad and fair—no matter from whence it comes, or by what name it is called, or who approves or condemns it—be assured that it is music, and true and good music, and be satisfied that whatever the papers and the signor's friends say to the contrary, the great composers and the common sense of the thinking world are agreed with you.

HOW TO DEAL WITH BEGGARS.

We have already, on former occasions, said that great cities and towns and many country places are afflicted with an Egyptian plague of beggars. In the cities they are very numerous, and are of all kinds—sound and sturdy men and boys, and men and boys neither sturdy nor sound—women and girls of various ages and physical conditions—children, male and female, of all sizes and aspects. Differing in manner and method, they all agree in begging with persistence and industry. Some of these wretched people are really needy, some idle and lazy by nature or habit, some want work and are unable to find it, and some want wages without wanting the work that wins it. The quaint writer that spoke of "God's poor, the devil's poor, and the poor devils," would find abundant examples of his classifications among these pitiable tatterdemalions who so constantly hold out to us the asking hand.

It is a crying evil. What ought to be done about it? It is the duty of the private citizen, some contend, to give alms to every one that asks for it, cases where he knows his alms would be misapplied excepted. In cases where he can know nothing of the need of the asker, it is perhaps better to give at the risk of being deceived, than to incur the possible sin of sending misery away unrelieved. But it is the duty of the aggregate of private citizens, known as the public, acting through their legislators, to prevent the possibility of any individual being swindled, by doing away with the necessity that drives any person to beg of him, and at the same time making invalid the pretexts on which lazy and vicious people pursue the shameful trade of mendicancy.

In devising measures to these ends, we need to be firm, but also kind and mild. Laws and institutions must not be founded in contempt, scorn, vindictive or resentful feelings of any kind, or dictated by the interests of any particular class or body of the community. They must be laid in justice and mercy, and framed for the best interests of all. Deliberate loafers, loungers, and begging impostors are as truly, though in a different sense, unfortunate, as needy people coerced into beggary by the pangs of hunger, or the fear of starvation. It is a man's misfortune to lose that self-respect and those decent manly virtues which keep most men from being beggars—or to have been born without, or missed being taught, that self-respect and those virtues. Let us be chary in our judgments, and abundant in our remedies. It is not for us to determine how guilty that lazy person is who would rather beg his bread than earn it. Rather let us see if our mother-wit cannot devise means by which that lazy person can be kindly compelled to deserve the food he eats, and taught to be ashamed of beggar's bread. His fault, perhaps, has been contagious from some person or persons, as lazy and knavish as he, but who never got that reputation. Gentlemen that think they are absolved from the duty of labor, because they have money, are the examples which make beggars. Men that make laws to serve class-interests, which also debase and unman a certain range of human natures, are responsible not only for mendicancy, but for many another evil. King Bomba and the breed of crowned knaves of which he is the representative, framing ordinances and statutes which crush out freedom and virtue from the hearts of a people, or prevent virtue and freedom from entering in, are making beggars by the hundred, and clodpoles and brutes by the thousand. If the policy of the British Government had ever been just and kind to Ireland—if it had ever furnished or left the Irish people work, and the incentives and obligations to work, and the workman's fair day's wages—Irish cities would not now be swarming with the worst and wildest beggars in the world.—While demoralizing agencies everywhere are so numerous, active and invincible, let us be careful how we blame men for being demoralized. Let us rather proceed on the hypothesis that they have been unfortunate, and apply remedies to their habits and condition, as kind and just to them as to the public for whose benefit these remedies are also applied. Society and Government, responsible for the evils their agents or individuals cause, should busy themselves with the prevention and correction of those evils.

How to do it is the question. The business of the journalist is not so much to think out a necessary measure to suit some exigency or occasion, as to get the public to thinking it out. The most he can do is to give his own views to the common stock which his readers will furnish, and let them weigh for what they are worth.

Count Rumford, the contemporary of Franklin, was a practical philosopher who we fear has not been credited as he deserves. We always thought higher of Liebig, the great German chemist and scientifician, after we read that he applied his scientific acquirements to instruct people in the arts of wholesome cookery, farming, etc., and we got our first respect for Count Rumford when we heard that he invented a stove. The true man of science aims to be useful to his fellow beings, and uses his knowledge and intellect in the service of his kind. The glory of every worthy scientifician between Kepler and Franklin, is that he served rather than shone. But Count Rumford did better things than inventing stoves. He has left us a lesson on the subject of which we treat, which we commend to the attention of all thinking men. It is said that passing through one of the German cities, he was beset by an immense swarm of boisterous beggars. He immediately bethought himself that these professional leeches, instead of sucking their sustenance out of the body politic, might be transformed into working men, supporting themselves and enriching the State. He laid his idea before the king, and the king told him to go ahead. So the Count caused a large workhouse to be built, filled with all the implements of labor, and provided with competent instructors and overseers. When all was ready, the police swooped down on the beggars one morning, and bore them off to the workhouse. There they were taught to work, supplied with work, and compelled to be industrious. The consequence was triple: the beggars were made honest laborers; the city got rid of the beggars; and the city treasury was enriched with a permanent revenue arising from the sale of the articles manufactured in the workhouse.

Let us try Count Rumford's plan in this country. Let us try it with the improvements which a larger and more humane philosophy suggest. Our object is not simply selfish. We do not aim only to get rid of the beggars, and to enrich our city treasuries. We aim to make of bad citizens good citizens. We seek the elevation of human-kind, and whoever elevates the humblest member of society elevates in some degree every member of society. Institute work-houses. Fill them with tools and teachers. If men or women want work, give them work. Pay them a fair price for their labor—enough to inspire them with ambition to labor well. Teach them practically that industry is wealth, or its beginnings. Put no restraint on their liberty—let it be a work house, not a jail. Make the labor that is done therein, emulative, hopeful, pleasant, remunerative. Allow no idleness in it, nor any mendicancy out of it. Remove every excuse for beggary by saying—Here are work and wages for you—you may do the one and earn the other if you want to—if you don't want to, you must, for beggars we won't tolerate! Thus a large number of people will be benefitted, and society as well; our streets will be free from mendicants, and our revenues be increased by the profits of their labor.

LOTTERY TICKETS.

It is very evident from many indications that the business of selling lottery tickets is extremely active at the present time—not only in the States where lotteries are legal, but where they are strictly prohibited. Among the poorer classes especially, we fear that a great deal of money is yearly worse than wasted in this manner. Even were lotteries always honorably managed, they would necessarily be a loss to the public—for who would enter into the business, unless he could so arrange the prizes and blanks as always to leave a fair balance for himself. But, as it is, we have little doubt that chance has very little to do with the drawings. Prizes probably are doled out in this direction or in that, just as they are needed to keep the silly dupes a little in heart, and prevent them from becoming utterly discouraged. One small prize doubtless will keep up the spirits of a whole neighborhood for several years. And then, the prize is nearly always used in the purchase of fresh tickets—so nothing is really spent in its bestowal. It amounts practically to a loan of the money for a short time, without interest. A man recently complained to Alderman Enen, of this city, that his wife expended sometimes from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week in the purchase of tickets—often pledging their clothing and other articles to realize the means thus employed.

The practical working of this folly of purchasing lottery tickets, is well shown by "An Old Merchant," in the *Augusta (Ga.) Evening Dispatch*. We republish his article, in the hope that it may lead some who now are in the habit of squandering their means in this way, to abandon the practice altogether:—

After I had failed and settled up pretty much all my old business, I had yet several little confidential debts that I wished very much to pay. I had $100 in cash, every cent I had in the world, and I determined to buy lottery tickets with it, in the hope of drawing a prize, and then pay off all I owed, and so be free once more. Before purchasing the tickets I called on an old friend to whom I owed the largest amount, to consult him as to the best mode of investing. I opened to him all my hopes and intentions. He applauded my motives, but remarked: "The lottery appears to be a new thing to you, but it is an old one to me. At the time when lotteries were rather new in Georgia, nine others and myself entered into a partnership which was to last for ten years. We each contributed $3,000, making the handsome capital of $30 000, which was to be used solely in buying lottery tickets. Now, with all this money, all our smartness and great facilities, which you know nothing of, for buying, how do you think we stood at the end of the ten years?"

I remarked that they must have coined money.

"Well," said he, "of the original $30,000, we received back $25,000, and lost the interest, then at eight per cent. on the whole for ten years. The $30,000, if invested at simple interest for the ten years, would have returned us $54,000, and at compound interest $64,763. Thus, you see, to sum it up, we lost the compound interest on $30,000 for ten years, making $64 763

And had returned to us 25,000

Making a clear loss of 39,763

"This, sir," he continued, is my first and last experience in lotteries, and you may act on it as you choose."

Well, as I had determined to invest I did so, and it was the last I saw of my $100. It was my first, and to this time, my last attempt to make money by buying lottery tickets.

TEA AS A SUMMER DRINK.

Frederick Sala, writing from Russia to Dickens's Household Words, mentions that on a table near him stands "a largish tumbler filled with a steaming liquid of a golden color in which floats a thin slice of lemon. It is TEA: the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink you can have in summer-time, and in Russia."

Tea, flavored with the slice of lemon, we have never tried; neither are we prepared to recommend as a summer beverage tea steaming hot, as Sala does. But tea made strong, (as we like it—or as strong as you like it,) well sweetened, with good milk or better cream in it in sufficient quantity to give it a dark yellow color, and the whole mixture cooled in an ice-chest to the temperature of ice-water, is "the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst allaying drink" we have ever treated ourselves or friends to. We know of nothing to compare with it for deliciousness or refreshment. It cheers, but not inebriates. Its stimulus is gentle, its flavor exquisite. Try it, good reader; make a note of this now, and when the summer fervor visits you, and you feel, with Sydney Smith, that for the sake of coolness you could get out of your flesh and sit in your bones, try our specific of ice-cold tea. Juleps, cobblers and such things, sink to utter insignificance beside it. They are only temporarily refreshing, and fire the blood after the five minutes following their imbibition. Soda is folly; it inflates one painfully with carbonic gas, and adds to the discomfort heat produces. Ice-water is unsatisfying; you drink till you feel water-logged, and derive no benefit. Ice-cream is the only preparation fit to be mentioned with our cold tea. Some of our restaurant and saloon keepers would do well to keep this mixture among their summer refreshments. We feel sure that it would pay them pecuniarily to do so. The beverage only needs to be known to be popular.

NAVIGATION OPENING AGAIN.

The ice in the rivers throughout the country is breaking up. At Pittsburg, on the 5th, there was a general rejoicing at the first downward movement of the great frozen masses in the Ohio and its tributaries. The population flocked down to the wharves, and all the steamboat bells were set ringing. The ice in the Mississippi, is also moving. As far north as Portland, Maine, and south as Washington, the rivers are breaking their frost fetters, and roaring to the sea. The long bridge between Washington and the Virginia side of the Potomac was swept away by the ice on the 8th, and large portions carried down the river. In consequence of this disaster, the communication with the South was broken for a time. On the 9th, the Susquehanna, Schuylkill, Delaware and other rivers in Penna., were much swollen, and considerable damage was done by the drifting ice. The trains on the Camden and Amboy Railroad were detained by the ice forced out of the river at Bordentown, and piled upon the track. There were about two feet of ice and water on the road. The Norristown, and the Harrisburg and Lancaster roads were much obstructed in the same manner. A great deal of mischief was caused in Oswego and Albany by the same cause. Albany was flooded, by the rising of the river, and a loss sustained of two millions of dollars. Of course, a good deal of damage to flatboats, steamboats, shipping and other marine property, is being done, but the general business interests everywhere are profiting by the re-opening of navigation. There is no great gain without some small loss.

THE NEW YORK TRAGEDY.

We give the material points in the evidence taken before the coroner's jury in the case of the murder of Dr. Burdell. The popular feeling appears to run very strong against Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. Eckel and Mr. Snodgrass. While it must be remembered that every one has a right to be considered innocent until found guilty, we unite with the popular feeling so far as to have no hesitancy in saying, that the appearances warrant the trial of Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel for the murder. In order that they should have a fair and impartial trial, we consider it the duty of the press to abstain from many comments upon the case. We also should consider it just as well, in this respect, if even the testimony taken before the coroner had not been so fully and minutely published. Moreover, the effect of such reading upon the public morals, is decidedly pernicious. Details of murder and other criminal cases, are hardly beneficial reading for the family circle. And yet newspapers which oppose the hanging of criminals in public, on account of the hardening effect upon the beholders, devote whole pages to the minutest details of a wanton's corrupt life, or the means by which an atrocious murder was committed. But as long as fathers and husbands will give the preference to papers that thus pander to a morbid and corrupt appetite, so long editors will try to please them. It would be more consistent however in such editors, not to denounce at the same time the ideal murders, seduction, and suicides which are the staple of the yellow-covered literature.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

We have news from Europe to the 24th of January. The British officials are "going it" generally with unabated fervor. In the Persian Gulf, their fleet has captured the forts of Bushere and the Island of Karrack. Canton, they are again bombarding. "The Chinese authorities still continuing obstinate," as the formal phrase has it (a phrase constructed on the principle of Talleyrand—to wit, that the use of language is to conceal truth)—the British fleet have taken and destroyed the Folly forts on the river. The rain of blazing shells was being poured anew upon Canton when the mail steamer that brings us news from that region, left. The Chinese, meanwhile, had set fire to the foreign factories and hongs, and destroyed the Oriental, the Agra, and the Mercantile Banks.

The hongs are a series of buildings constituting the European quarter. There are thirteen of them—including those of the British, Dutch, American, French, Austrian, Swedish, Danish and Russian governments. To have destroyed these will probably embroil the unhappy Chinese with all these governments. In their fury against the "barbarians" (who deserve the name,) they seem to have forgotten prudence. Presently, perhaps, we shall behold the grateful spectacle of all these Christians trampling on all these Pagans, by way of illustrating the Sermon on the Mount!

At home, in England, the officials are trying "how not to do it," as usual. The "Circumlocution Office" is in one of those frequent crises which are the patriotic afflictions of those illustrious families of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings who condescend to monopolize the business of governing in that country. The matter in hand is the task of re-constructing the Cabinet. To properly understand the difficulty of this undertaking, our readers must be familiar with the pages of Dickens's "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit." Lord Doodle will not go out, and the Earl of Coodle will not come in. Sir William Buffy asks what is to be done with his friend Fuffy, and as Huffy will not consent to a certain arrangement with Cuffy, Muffy cannot be attended to. So Government is at a deadlock for the present, until something is settled. Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Gladstone, says the *London Herald*, had held meetings at Sir Sidney Herbert's house in London, and Lord Aberdeen had two interviews with Lord Palmerston.

The *Herald* adds there is little doubt that Sir Charles Wood will retire from the Admiralty, and will be succeeded by Sir George Grey, Sir James Graham taking some other post. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will be replaced by Mr. Gladstone, whose great *coup* will be another promise of a reduction of the income tax. Sir Robert Peel will also resign his position at the Admiralty Board. Meanwhile, some of the other London papers ridicule the *Herald's* statement, and virtually declare that the effort of how not to do it will be successful for some time to come—in other words that there is no immediate prospect of a coalition.

The merchants of Nantes, Orleans, Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, have petitioned Louis Napoleon, to interest himself in obtaining indemnification from the United States for the French citizens whose property was destroyed at the bombardment of Greytown (San Juan,) on the 13th of July, 1854.

Verges, the assassin of the Archbishop of Paris, has petitioned Louis Napoleon to be exiled instead of guillotined. In the course of his petition, he asserts himself to be the Peter the Hermit of a new crusade, and declares that in murdering the Archbishop, he was only announcing his mission by a *coup d'etat!* But probably, Verges will discover that one murder only makes a villain, though two thousand, an Emperor. The poor wretch is now in prison, awaiting his fate, whatever that may be.

The Swiss difficulty, though nominally settled, is to be made the subject of a conference, which, it is thought, will be held in London.

The Russian fleet has been destroying the pirates of Starpa, on the Caspian Sea, at "the request of the Persian Government." It is said that the Russians have occupied Astrabad, a Persian city. This seems like the preparatory move toward an open coalition with the Shah of Persia against England.

In Naples and Sicily, the wretched state of things consequent on having such a brute as Bomba for a ruler, continues. The continental papers announce a great number of executions for mere political offences. At Catania, Louis Pellegrino, a young man, but a distinguished chemist, was shot for being too good and brave a man for such a country. The king's bought bayonets mounted guard in the streets all that day. Another distinguished man, Doctor Guarneri, has been sentenced to death. The editors of two literary papers are in prison.—Everywhere throughout the realm of Bomba, numerous arrests are continually made. The inhabitants of the towns are retiring in numbers to the country to escape the constant, dreadful surveillance and persecution of the police. This state of things is not without consolation. If it is true that

> "He that roars for liberty
> Faster binds the tyrant's power,"—

it is not less true that

> "—— the tyrant's cruel glee
> Forces on the freer hour!

The volcano foams and seethes under Bomba by and by, the blood-roar of the explosion!

LIFE IN BOSTON.

John Phœnix, the witty Californian, recently passed a few days in Boston, and writes of the staid city, to the *Knickerbocker*, as follows:

I have been sitting in my room, No. 7[illegible] mont House, by the window, which commands a cheerful view of a grave yard, musing [illegible] rious matters and things in a solemn [illegible] mind well befitting the place and the occasion. Seventeen inches of snow fell last night, and Boston looks white like the Island of [illegible] and to the full as desolate. Through the [illegible] and reverberating passages of this ancient building; around the corners of the sinuous streets from each door and window, in every private and public building, and from the hearts of God, resounds the peculiar sharp hacking cough of the population of Boston. Every soul of them has it. It is the disease of the [illegible] When I meet an acquaintance in the street, abstain from the usual greeting, and invariably say, "How is your cough?" and the reply invariably is, "About the same." Coughing and the ancient pastime of hawking, (followed by expectoration,) are the principal amusements in this cold city. In the grave-yard behind my window, on a slate tombstone, may be found, I am informed, the following touching inscription:

> "Here I lie bereft of breath,
> Because a cough carried me off,
> Then a coffin, they carried me off in;"

which, I doubt not, describes the case of the majority of the silent incumbents of that portion of rest.

The Tremont House is in many respects a good institution; it is perfectly clean and well arranged, the attendance is good and the [illegible]der excellent; but there is an indescribable air of gloom and solemnity pervading the establishment, well suited to Boston, but trying to a stranger to the last degree. The waiters, dressed in black with [illegible] move silently and sadly about the tables, looking like so many Methodist ministers with fifteen children, four hundred a year, and donation parties; the man in the office never smiles—in any point of view; a large Bible with the name of the House stamped upon it in gilt letters, (to prevent religious strangers from bottling it,) lies on every table, and the chambermaids attend family prayers in the basement. All is "grand, gloomy," and it must be confessed, exceedingly peculiar. I have attempted but two jokes in this solemn place, and they fell like the flakes of snow, silent and unnoticed. An unfortunate individual in the reading-room last evening was seized with an unusually violent fit of coughing, which, if a man could do any possibility be turned inside out, would have done it; and as a partial cessation of it occurred, with his hair standing on end, (he had coughed his hat off,) his face glowing with exertion, and the tears standing in his unhappy eyes, he very naturally gave vent to a profane execration. Everybody looked shocked. I remarked in an audible tone to my companion that the exclamation was a coffer-dam; an admirable contrivance for raising obstructions from the bottom of streams, and probably adopted by the gentleman to clear his throat, but no one laughed, and I incontinently went to bed. This morning on rising I discovered that my boots, left outside the door to be polished with blacking, had like those of the [illegible]bastes, not been displaced; so I said to the porter, a man of grave and solemn aspect: "I have a very honest set of people about the house." "Why?" said the porter, with somewhat startled expression. "Because," rejoined, "I left my boots outside my door last night, and find this morning no one has touched them." That man walked off all solemn and stately, and never knew that I had been humorous. Disappointments have been many in life. I remember in early childhood going to the theatre to see Mrs. W. H. Smith appear in two pieces; the bills said she would do it, but she came on the stage perfectly whole and sound, like any other lady. Upon the whole, my impression that Boston is a dull, precise, and solemn city, while [illegible] owing entirely to the intense cold there in the winter, which chills and [illegible] up the warmer nature of the inhabitants, who don't have time to get thawed out before cold comes back again. I have met many Bostonians in more genial climates, who appeared to be very hearty and agreeable."

MR. BUCHANAN'S CABINET. The following gentlemen are now stated as [illegible] Cobb, of Georgia, Floyd, of Virginia, [illegible] of South Carolina (or Brown, of Tennessee), Bright, of Indiana, Clifford, of Maine, and Black, of Pennsylvania. The last named is said to have the best chance of being Secretary of State.

Of course, our readers will bear in mind that there is no certainty upon this matter of the Cabinet, until the names are officially, at least semi-officially, declared. There is a great deal of difference between the words "about" and *officiously*—much of the Cabinet-making already done, having been [illegible] to which latter term would more [illegible] apply.

☞ The eccentric Orientalist, M. [illegible] Purgstall, who has died [illegible] in Germany was exceedingly attached to his wife. On one of her birthdays, when she was confined to her bed with a serious illness he presented her with her tombstone—date of age left blank.

☞ A pretended wit went to the Rulheries, to read two tales of his own composition. After having heard the first he drew from the author out of his pocket, Rulheries said to him, "Take the other beat."

Paris Letter.

FUNERAL SPLENDORS—ECCLESIASTICAL WHITE-WASHING—A CHARITABLE WISH—CONCLUSION OF THE COUNTESS'S STORY.

PARIS, Jan. 15, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The corpse of the ill-fated Archbishop Sibour was interred, on Saturday last, with all the pomp that could be brought to bear upon a funeral. Detachments of soldiers formed the hedge from the archepiscopal palace to Notre Dame, and other companies marched with the procession, their music and banners contrasting curiously with the black gowns of the interminable lines of priests. Among them were the Household Guard of the Emperor, and some of the imperial carriages followed the hearse. Notre Dame was magnificently hung with draperies of black and silver; a dais, lined with ermine, being erected over the catafalque on which the coffin was laid during the funeral ceremony. Even the outside of the cathedral, at the principal entrance, was hung with draperies reaching from the *Galerie des rois* to the ground. A great concourse of people turned out to witness the show; cannon boomed at short intervals, and the great bells of Notre Dame and the principal churches "attered their voices," deep and muffled, through the day. The body of the prelate, carefully embalmed, is interred in the vaults of the cathedral, with those of the long line of his predecessors; and his heart, according to the custom of the diocese, is buried in the chapel of the Carmelites, on the other side of the river. The church of St. Etienne du Mont, where the crime was perpetrated, has been undergoing the most tremendous spiritual "cleansing" in the way of prayers, chantings, and masses, and all the churches of the metropolis have been busy with prayers, penitential services, and so on.

The Emperor was so much affected by the murder of the archbishop, that he was unable to sleep on the following night; but walked up and down the Reserved Terrace of the Tuileries gardens, accompanied only by an aid de-camp, until two o'clock next morning.

[illegible] can but wish that the blow, since it has been struck, may at least have the effect of frightening some other despots "shake in their shoes," the tyrant of Naples to take his full share in the forebodings thus suggested.

As to the Russian difficulty, and the affair of Neufchatel, they are regarded as settled. The death of the archbishop has come in opportunely to give the newspapers something to talk of; for now, in the dearth of foreign matters of interest, the journals are beginning to throw themselves on the Agricultural and Cattle Exhibition we are to have here three months hence, and the Exhibition of Works of Living Artists, to open next June. But there is little reason to fear—or to hope!—that they will be left very long without some new trouble turning up in some corner of Europe to give them subjects for their daily scribbling.

But I must haste to return to the Countess's manuscript, and to the vain-glorious Herr Deckers, whom, as your readers will remember, we left a week ago, in his velvet hung dressing room, in the midst of his valets, putting the finishing touch to the toilet in which he was to repair to the mansion of Herr Van Selkirk, to give shape and reality to the matrimonial visions which had so long dazzled his mental vision. After having called for his gold snuff-box, and his gold-headed cane, and having caused a quantity of essence of vanilla to be showered on his lace ruffles, he took his three-cornered hat under his arm, and proceeded through the sanded alley of the garden, followed by a couple of footmen in resplendent livery, towards the pretty gondola of perfumed Indian wood, which was awaiting him on the edge of the artificial river that meandered through the grounds. This gondola, manned by six rowers, was fitted up with the utmost splendor, and shaded by an awning of pink satin with gilded fringe. As soon as the rubicund millionaire had taken his place beneath this dais, the fairy-like boat shot on its way, swift as an arrow, preceded by a runner, bearing his wand in his hand, and proud of the glory of which he formed a part. When the gondola reached the limit of the garden, the runner opened the grating which barred its entrance, and the gilded toy proceeded on its rejoicing way, along the public canal, to the city.

An hour afterwards, Herr Deckers landed in Haarlem, and threaded its streets, preceded and followed by his servants, in the direction of the rich banker's dwelling. As he passed through one of the dark and crooked streets in the neighborhood of the old market, he suddenly stopped short, in ecstacy, in front of a little wooden house whose upper *story* projected beyond its ground-floor, and whose rafters were delicately carved over with garlands of flowers, the work of some forgotten artist of the sixteenth century. But it was neither the architectural style of the house, nor the beauty of these old carvings, that thus excited the admiration of the ex-fisherman; for his gaze was fixed upon the window of the ground floor, which served, as was sufficiently evident from the [illegible] over its door, as the workshop of the shoemaker, Peters Schwartz. Not that the window itself was in any way remarkable, being like all the other shop-windows of the town at that day, and consisting of small, round panes of opaque and greenish glasses, much like the bottoms of so many old beer-mugs. The window was open, and upon the sill a vase of Japan porcelain, and in it was a superb half-double tulip, whose [illegible] of the purest pearl-grey, were striped and [illegible] with the richest carmine; and this tulip, far more beautiful than any of those possessed by the opulent amateur, was not only not mentioned in any known catalogue, but was actually a prototype perfectly unique, and of inestimable value.

When Herr Deckers had somewhat recovered from his amazement at seeing so splendid a treasure in possession of a simple artisan, he flattered himself that he should be able to obtain the jewel on easy terms; and forgetting his [illegible] with the Herr Banker, he entered the workshop, and inquired of the shoemaker where he had procured his tulip?

"Oh! Herr Deckers!" cried the votary of Crispin in merry tones, "I'll warrant you astonished at my good fortune! Where did I get it from, eh? Just from my own seedlings, mein herr; just from my own seedlings."

"Your own seedlings! what, you raise seedlings?"

"And why not? this sample proves, methinks, that we know something of the art."

"But of what use is such a flower to you?—it seems to me, my good friend, that here is something that would be far more useful to you," continued the rich man, taking from his pocket a handful of gold pieces, and throwing them, uncounted, on the shoemaker's work-table.

"What, Herr Amateur!" cried the shoemaker, with a joyous twinkle in his eye, as he quietly pushed back the gold towards his visitor, "do you seriously offer me a paltry handful of coin for a flower which is without its equal in the world? Really you are too generous; you quite overwhelm me, I do assure you!"

"If it be only the price that parts us, name your own. I am ready to triple this sum, nay, to quadruple it."

"No, no; the tulip is mine; and I do not wish to sell it."

"Come, come, Peters; no nonsense with me. Tell me what you will take, and I will give it; for the tulip I must have, at any price."

"Good; now listen to me. You shall *not* have my tulip at any price. Not but what there *is* a price," added the shoemaker, as though struck by a sudden thought, "at which, if you choose, the tulip is yours." And quitting his work, he took the millionaire by the hand with a mysterious air, and placing his forefinger on his lip, as though to recommend silence, he led him to the bottom of the dark little shop.—Here he gently opened a door, which turned noiselessly on its hinges, and raising a corner of the tapestried curtain that hung across the doorway, the millionaire obtained a glimpse into a room hung with tapestry of the same description, and furnished with a degree of elegance and luxury most astonishing in the house of a workman. A ray of sunshine fell slantingly through the small panes of the window of the little boudoir, lighting up the costly trifles that filled the shelves of a richly-carved cabinet, and touching with lustrous warmth the long glossy curls of a beautiful fair-haired girl, so absorbed in the sewing on which she was engaged, that she was quite unconscious of what was going on.

"What do you think of *that?*" inquired Master Peters, as he again dropped the curtain, and closed the door, as noiselessly as he had opened it, with the look of a miser turning the key of his hiding-place.

"Ach, mein Gott! what a lovely creature!" exclaimed his guest, forgetting even the wonderful tulip in his admiration of the charming vision.

"That young maiden is my only child; she and my tulip are my sole treasures, and I shall not part with the one without the other," returned Peters.

The millionaire, unable to imagine what the shoemaker could mean, took one of the oaken stools in the shop, and seated himself there upon, waiting for the solution of the enigma.

"Herr Deckers," continued the man of the awl, "you have a son old enough to marry. The angel you have just seen, will soon be nineteen years of age. Present your son to my daughter, and if the young people like one another, let us unite them. The tulip will be my daughter's dowry."

At this unlooked-for proposition, Herr Deckers started from his seat, and left the shop with no other reply than a glance of crushing scorn, which he cast upon the shoemaker. But the latter, unmoved by his haughty airs, called after him,

"You may take it, or leave it, my Lord Deckers; and moreover, your son must be to my daughter's taste, or he shall not have her. For I desire her happiness above all things."

As he left the gloomy little shop, the florimaniac suddenly bethought him of the errand on which he was bound. But the hour appointed for the interview had gone by, and the discomfitted millionaire caused himself to be rowed back forthwith to his country house, tormented the whole of the way, and through the whole of that night, with the distracting image of the flower that threw his boasted collection into the shade.

A funny dog, truly, was this Peters Schwartz, with no other worldly goods than his awl and his lap stone, aspiring to unite his progeny with that of the great ex fish-merchant, the nabob of Haarlem? But Peters, who was a bit of a philosopher, knew that his daughter was as lovely as the virgins of Vanloo, and he had not only lavished all his earnings on the shrine in which he had placed his treasure, but had also brought her up, and educated her, with extreme care, to make her worthy, in all respects, as he knew her to be already by her beauty, of the brilliant position which it was the dream of his life, and the end of all his labors, to achieve for her.

Twenty years before the date of this history, Peters had married a young seamstress of remarkable beauty; but, two years after this union, the pretty coquette, tired of being shut up in the narrow home of the shoemaker, ran away with a travelling jeweller from Amsterdam, leaving her husband with only a babe a few months old to console him.

When he first discovered this flight, Peters Schwartz nearly went out of his mind with anger and sorrow; despite his natural gaiety, he fell into a state of despondency so profound that he was tempted to throw himself into the nearest canal. But on seeing the little creature in its cradle, and remembering that the poor little thing had no other protector in the wide world but himself, his philosophy got the better of his despair, and he determined to live for the sake of his innocent daughter.

Now it so happened that one sunny Sunday morning, early in the spring, the honest shoemaker took his little daughter, then just seven years old, to walk under the pollard-willows outside the town, when he found in the grass a bulb just beginning to germinate. Curious to see what sort of plant would come of it, he carried home this stray bulb, and planted it in a speck of a garden which he possessed behind his house. This garden was the sunniest spot which you can imagine, and the bulb grew rapidly, and nearly sent the shoemaker out of his wits with delight, by sending up, in the course of a few weeks, a long, slender stem, on the top of which appeared a glorious tulip-blossom.

Instead of going off at once to some rich amateur, and turning the splendid flower into golden coin, as most of his class would have done in his place, Peters, looking farther ahead, saw what he might do with his treasure, and set himself, from that day forth, with the utmost patience and industry, to raising seedlings from the mother plant, in the hope of forming some perfectly new variety. After nine years of unceasing effort, he had succeeded, as we have seen, in raising a tulip of such magnificent beauty, that it eclipsed every variety hitherto obtained.

Haarlem, furrowed like almost every other Dutch city, with canals, which form its principal thoroughfares, possesses broad, handsome, well-kept quays, bordered with poplars, and along which the eye loses itself in an interminable perspective of warehouses, in whose ample interiors are piled all the richest products of the globe. Among these establishments was one whose size and splendor announced that its owners had reached the apex of commercial grandeur; it communicated with the public canal by a branch which crossed the quay under a drawbridge, and vanished beneath immense vaulted storehouses, opening, one beyond another, in dim perspective, and so lofty that vessels entered the establishment, and unshipped their cargoes of fish at the wharves, swarming with sailors and porters, in its interior. On the front of this colossal building, between the windows of the first story, were two bas-reliefs in copper, one of which represented Mercury, and the other a vessel in full sail; between these, above the principal arcade, was a slab of black marble, on which were engraved, in golden letters, these words:

DECKERS & SON.

In the midst of the busy crowds passing and repassing through the courts of this vast establishment, was a young man of some two-and-twenty years of age, who was sauntering slowly up and down the wharves, with a cigar in his mouth, quietly giving an order, or inspecting a newly-deposited ship-load of barrels. This young man, simply attired, but of slight and elegant make, contrasting strongly with the heavy build of the people about him, was the object of respectful salutations wherever he passed, for he was the only son and heir of the house of Deckers, of which he was already the actual chief. Pale, regular features, a delicate moustache, and lips such as Vandyke delighted in portraying, joined to an air of careless elegance, and the expression of an active and cultivated mind, rendered Wilhelm Deckers one of the most *distingue* young men of his native city, where, indeed, young men of his type were far from common.

While young Deckers pursued his way through the wharves of his house, a valet, wearing his father's livery, entered by one of the doors of the warehouse, and announced the visit of the ancient head of the establishment; and at the same moment, the gondola, with its silken curtains, floated up to the spot where the young man was standing.

Wilhelm Deckers immediately offered his arm to his father, and assisted him to land; while the crowd that filled the enclosure, flocked about the great man with profound salutations. But so preoccupied was the latter with his own thoughts, that he scarcely replied to these greetings; and taking his son's arm, he drew him away from the canal, muttering to himself in an undertone,

"Dishonored, my reputation gone, if some rival forestalls me in getting possession of that cursed flower!"

"What on earth is the matter, my dear father?" inquired the son, looking into his father's face with no little surprise. Instead of replying to this question, the old gentleman drew his son rapidly onward in the direction of the dwelling occupied by the latter, but without speaking a word.

"Well, father," cried the young man, gaily, when they had entered a charming cabinet, fitted up in Chinese style, the windows full of stained glass in leaden frames, imitating a trellis of carved wood, and adorned with the transparent shells which ornament the windows of the *boudoirs* of Pekin, "will you not inform me of the result of your matrimonial expedition of yesterday?"

"Wilhelm, my dear fellow," began Herr Deckers with an embarrassed air, "are you really very much in love with the Fraulein Van Selkirk? are you particularly anxious to marry her?"

"Am I anxious to marry her? certainly not, my dear father. I care nothing whatever about her. I have never even seen her, as you know!"

"Would you not rather take, for instance, some lovely young girl, not so rich perhaps, but very much handsomer?"

"Why, have you not told me, a thousand times, that the Fraulein Van Selkirk was a most perfect and incomparable beauty?"

"Certainly, certainly, that is to say—you know it is all a matter of taste. I am far from saying that the daughter of the Herr Banker Van Selkirk is devoid of charms, but you might perhaps think her figure rather heavy."

"If that is the case, my dear father, in Heaven's name let us say nothing more about the matter, for if there is anything on earth that I abhor, it is a woman in the shape of a chrysalis."

"That is just what I have been thinking; and therefore I have been considering that it would be far better for me to demand for you the hand of a most beautiful young creature, with whom I am sure you will be perfectly delighted."

"You know my opinion on this point; that, with a fortune such as ours, one can afford to marry according to one's tastes. Consequently, if the lady you speak of be well brought up, and above all, if she possesses as little as may be of the prosaic charms so much in vogue here, and if she pleases me, I care nothing whatever about her dowry."

"Well said, my boy; for money is not always happiness. And now dress yourself as fast as possible, and I will take you at once to call on the lady."

"But where is the need of such dreadful haste, my dear father? To-morrow, or next day, will be quite soon enough."

"To-morrow! to-morrow!" cries the ex-fish-merchant, "it might be quite too late, imprudent boy! Such a treasure will not be long without being sought for!"

The pride of Herr Deckers, as you see, had come down a good many pegs since the day before!

"Very well; as you are bent upon the matter, so be it; in ten minutes I shall be ready."

Half an hour after this conversation, the father and son were seated, side by side, under the pink dais of the gondola, and gliding swiftly along the canal towards the house of the shoemaker, preceded by the runner, with his wand of office; and soon landed in the neighborhood of the old market, whence they took their way on foot to the little dark street which held the two treasures of honest Peters Schwartz.

On the 10th of July, 1785, the city of Haarlem presented the most animated spectacle. The innumerable vessels in the canals had hoisted all their colors; sailors, packers and porters were in their gala-dress; and largesses of bacon and beer had made merry all the poor of the town. There were regattas, and pole-climbings, and cock-fightings, and singing matches between rival canaries. Bonfires were getting ready for the evening; and, in short, the whole place was in a state of rejoicing for the marriage of the son and heir of the great House of Deckers, with the lovely daughter of Peters Schwartz, the shoemaker. And in the evening of this happy day, the father and son might have been seen issuing from the dingy abode of the fortunate raiser of seedlings, each carrying with him the treasure he valued the most. For, while the young man walked joyously beside the sedan chair, borne by four porters, in which his fair and gentle bride, blushing with modesty and happiness, was conveyed to the gondola that would float her to her new home; the old one marched off in triumph, carrying under his arm the beloved tulip, in exchange for which he had slipped a couple of hundred thousand florins among the cachemires and jewels of the bride.

Old Deckers, in the pride of his heart, wished to call by his own name the magnificent tulip of which he was now the sole possessor; but the name of "My Daughter's Dowry," originally given to it by the shoemaker, stuck to the flower in spite of his efforts to change it.

From the union so happily begun descended a long line of children and great grandchildren; and from this stock came the fair and noble Adela Von B——, wife of the Baron S——, last of the name, and mother of the old lady who has so obligingly communicated to me this bit of family history for the amusement of your readers.

One word with regard to the lineal descendants of the marvellous tulip, must close this letter, already too long. "My Daughter's Dowry" was first imported into France in 1817, by M. Vilmorin; and is to this day acknowledged as the most beautiful tulip in existence.

QUANTUM.

New Publications.

FRANK FORESTER'S SPORTING SCENES AND CHARACTERS. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The various tales of which these two handsome volumes are composed, are already favorites with a large body of the public. In the sporting world they have long been deservedly popular. They have the special merit of conveying a great deal of information regarding shooting, game, and all kinds of sporting, without impairing the abounding fun and spirit of the narrative. Thus the sportsman finds them at once entertaining and useful. The characters are drawn with great local fidelity and picturesqueness, and the scenes are vivid and vigorous. Some occasional profanity and rudeness of phrase in the mouths of the actors of the book, are morally objectionable, though true enough as strokes of charncterization. The work is finely illustrated by Darley, and, in our own opinion, is the best that Mr. Herbert has written.

THE SCIENCE OF LOGIC; or An Analysis of the Laws of Thought. By REV. ASA MAHAN, A. S. Barnes & Co, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Mr. Mahan is somewhat known as the author of a treatise on the will, and a work on intellectual philosophy. The present book is a criticism by creation on a class of treatises on logic of which Dr. Whately's work may be taken as the representative. The writer is evidently thoroughly intimate with his subject, writes with coolness, clearness, order, and precision, and deserves consideration for the decided ability which his work manifests.

IVORS. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," "Cleve Hall," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

A clever novel, with a gentle moral, and some pictural power of description. It is evidently the product of a cultivated and traveled mind. It is written with fair, though not great, talent, and is harmless and entertaining enough to be the companion of some idle hours.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES. Literally Translated, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, by Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church, Oxford. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

☞ Ef men is gay deseevers, wots to be said of a female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, and hasent reely as much fat on her as would grease a griddle, *all the apparent plumpness consistin' of cotton and whalebone?*

FASHION.

"To-day right jauntily a hat she wears
That scarce affords a shelter to her ears;
To-morrow, haply searching long in vain,
You spy her features down a Leghorn lane!"

☞ At a *late* dance a gentleman had a new coat spoiled, by the sleeve coming in contact with a lady's face. Flour and rouge is a terrible mixture.

☞ John Hope, Esq., of Edinburgh, Scotland, one of the Vice Presidents of the United Kingdom Alliance, has nobly borne the expenses of the Temperance movement in Scotland. In the nine years past, or since the year 1847, he has expended of his own money, £12,000 or $60,000.

☞ A SEA-SICKNESS REMEDY.—Dr. Landerer, of Athens, has discovered (as he claims) a sovereign remedy for sea-sickness, in chloroform. He gives it in water, in doses of from ten to twelve drops.

☞ An actress in Paris sent word that she could not play, on account of the death of her mother. A day or two afterwards, the manager met her, dressed in flaming colors. "Ah," he exclaimed, "how's this—not in mourning?" "It is not the custom to wear mourning for distant relatives." "And you call your mother so?" "Oh, yes, she was in America."

☞ A POISONOUS TONGUE.—A celebrated lady once said of a censorious neighbor, "His mouth costs him nothing, for he always opens it at the expense of others. I wish some day that he would bite his tongue, for then he would poison himself."

☞ THE WAY TO TREAT BORES.—There are two kinds of bores in this world—the rich and the poor. You can get rid of the latter by lending him five pounds. You can free yourself of the other by attempting to borrow twenty-five pounds from him. Try it on.

☞ A young lady being asked by a warm theologian which party in the church she was most in favor of, she replied that she preferred a wedding party.

☞ A LEARNED MAYOR.—Lord Mansfield, when on the circuit at Shrewsbury, having been asked to dinner by the mayor of the town, his lordship remarked, "That the town appeared very old;" to which the mayor replied, "*It was always so, please your lordship!*"

☞ "Gentlemen," said a pedlar, "these razors were made in a cave, by the light of a diamond, in Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will be clean-shaved in the morning."

THE NEW YORK TRAGEDY.

The Coroner's inquest of the mysterious murder of Dr. Burdell, in New York, is now going on. The examination of witnesses has as yet elicited no evidence as to the authors of this midnight butchery, though it throws suspicion on various parties. In searching the house, a piece of paper, with blood on it, was found in a stove in Miss Emma Cunningham's chamber.—The remains of burnt woolen clothing were found in the fourth story grate. The neighbors, during the night, had smelt the burning articles, and the cry of murder is said to have been heard on the opposite side of the street.—Captain Dilks, in searching the premises, found a lady's blue silk skirt, covered with blood, which appeared to have spouted upon it from wounds. This was taken in charge by two doctors, for the purpose of analyzation. The blood on garments previously found does not quite correspond with that from Dr. Burdell's wounds.

Mrs. Cunningham's first husband was a distiller, in Brooklyn. She drew his life insurance, which was $10,000. Dr. Burdell, when last seen alive, is said to have told a friend that he was going to Jersey City to collect rent, amounting to $1,000. No sum of money was found about him, nor had he deposited any in bank. For months past his bank deposits had been few and small, and there were numerous large checks in favor of Mrs. Cunningham. Daniel Ullman, the well-known New York politician, had a room in the house, adjoining Mrs. Cunningham's chamber, with which it communicated. Eckel is a bald-headed man, with light whiskers and hair, but last October he dyed his whiskers black, and has done so ever since, and wears a wig. This looks as though he might have been the representative of Dr. Burdell at the marriage. Though the clergyman does not recognize him. Mr. Stevens, the doctor's friend, testifies that Mrs. C. sent for him, and told him a long story about her seeing his wife with the doctor, and her infidelity to him. Mr. Stevens, knowing the character of his informant, merely told the doctor and his wife, both of whom laughed at it. A dagger and pistol were found in Mrs. Cunningham's bureau. George V. Snodgrass, the young man who boarded in the house, paid no board, but was invited to stay there by Mrs. C. No reason is assigned. He had quarrelled with the doctor also.

Mr. Alvah Blaisdell, a liquor merchant in Broad street, testified before the Coroner, that Dr. Burdell told him, on the Friday before his death, that Mrs. Cunningham, Miss Cunningham, Eckel and Snodgrass, had repeatedly threatened his life, and that he deserved to be killed. They would come quietly and open his room-door, and, when he turned round, would stealthily go away. This had occurred several times. He told Mr. Blaisdell that he was afraid they would kill him, and requested him to come and live with him. Mr. Blaisdell says that the Rev. Dr. Cox had a similar conversation with Dr. Burdell.

The clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, could not remember the features of either Dr. Burdell or Mrs Cunningham. The chambermaid, Mary Donahue, gave Dr. Burdell an excellent character. She represents him as having been treated with great rudeness for some weeks past by Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel, who were exceedingly intimate—criminally so, according to her account, and both of whom had frequently indulged in intimations that Dr. Burdell was a very bad man, and ought to be put out of the way.

In the drawer of a bureau, which stood in Eckel's room, of which it seems that Mrs. Cunningham kept the key, were found sundry private papers, in the handwriting of Dr. Burdell, and evidently intended to be signed by him; among them was a check drawn and signed by Dr. B. in Mrs. Cuningham's favor, which had not been presented for payment, and also an agreement on his part, in consideration of the withdrawal of certain suits, that he would always befriend and protect her family. This would seem somewhat inconsistent with the notion of their marriage.

The Monday before his death, the Doctor congratulated himself to a friend, that he had finally got all his difficulties with that troublesome woman settled, and that he should get rid of her forever. A part of the difficulty that he congratulated himself upon having settled and included in this final release, was a suit that she had commenced against him in October, for a breach of promise of marriage, which he said, with a strong word, he never made. Moreover, he repeated to several friends, that he would not marry any woman, and, last of all on earth, Mrs. Cunningham. He was equally bitter against her daughters, and used strong epithets in speaking of them. He was a man of very violent temper, and apt to speak his mind freely. His friends are very emphatic in their declarations that he never could have married Mrs. Cunningham, and the whole affair was a fraud—a plot with some one to represent himself as Dr. Burdell, so as to enable her to claim a portion of his property as his widow; and that the suit for breach of promise was all a sham, touching this end, if by it money could not be wrung from him by way of settlement. The certificate produced by Mrs. Cunningham, of the marriage of Dr. Burdell and herself, bears date October 28, 1856, and purports to show that the ceremony took place on that day. The Troy *Budget* says that Mr. Watrous, of Saratoga, states that Dr. B. was at that village at the time mentioned—was there for three days—and is so registered at the Marvin Hotel.

Eckel appears to have been a very loose character. His female correspondence which was found in his trunk, was most scandalous. His position in this family is not exactly defined, but it certainly appears to have been a free and easy one.

A proposition made by one of the Coroner's jury, to examine the retina of Dr. Burdell's eye by a powerful microscope, in order to see if any image of the murder was imprinted upon it—an experiment tried, it is said, with success in France—was negatived by several doctors, who declared it chimerical.

A large amount of other testimony has been given. A tall man (not Mr. Blaisdell) called on Mrs. Cunningham on the afternoon before the murder. He is not yet known. Miss A. Cunningham testified to being present at the marriage of Dr. Burdell to her mother; did not know of any difficulties between the Doctor and her mother, and that the Doctor threatened her life if she should reveal it. Mr. Blaisdell testified to having seen the will of Dr. Burdell, a few days prior to the murder, which bequeathed his estate to his blood relatives. This will is not to be found now. He knew that the Doctor had purchased a revolver; the deceased was a timid man, and physically a weak one; he was subject to fits of apoplexy; he was very penurious in his disposition. Mr. Blaisdell said that he would have gone to Dr. Burdell's that night, but his own family prevailed on him not to do so, for fear of the garroters. [This witness is six-and-a half feet in height.] On Saturday the Court of Common Pleas issued a writ of habeas corpus, upon which Snodgrass, Eckel, and Mrs. Cunningham were taken before that tribunal. Snodgrass was released on his parole to appear as a witness. Eckel was detained on suspicion of the murder. The case of Mrs. Cunningham was left undecided. The excitement around the Court House was very great, and there was some fear that the mob would lynch the prisoners, but they were taken out by the back way.

On Sunday, Mr. Thayer, a lawyer, testified that he thought it was about three or four weeks ago, when Mrs. Cunningham came to him, and said she thought she would have to revive the suits for breach of promise, &c., against the Doctor. This announcement created much sensation and laughter among the spectators, as the marriage is claimed to have taken place on the 28th of October, three weeks before Mrs. C. talked of reviving the suits.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths duing the past week in this city was 297—Adults 102, and children 195.

☞ SHORT RECKONINGS MAKE LONG FRIENDS.—We asked a pretty girl the other day to give us a kiss, but she couldn't afford it, she said she would lend us one, provided we would return it. We borrowed the article and returned it promptly.—*Exchange paper.*

NEWS ITEMS.

WINTER FISHING.—A school of white perch was discovered, a few days ago, frozen in the ice near Swan Point, in Chesapeake Bay. On Monday and Tuesday, nearly forty bushels were cut out, the ice being about 18 inches thick.

HIGH PRICE FOR A COLT.—Messrs. Geo. W. Sutton and James C. Montague, of Fayette county, sold a few days ago, a bay colt, twenty-one months old, to Mr. G. E. Farmer, for T. T. Janney, of St. Louis, for the handsome sum of one thousand dollars.—*Louisville Jour.*

CROSSING THE CHESAPEAKE ON THE ICE.—It is stated in the Centreville Times, that three lads of Kent Island—Thaddeus M. White, Charles Tolson and Samuel Thompson—on the 20th ult. walked across the bay on the ice to Annapolis and back the same day. They left the Island at half-past twelve o'clock at noon, and got back about eight in the evening. The distance from shore to shore is twelve miles.

THE whole family of Mrs. Dear, in Augusta county, Va., was poisoned last week by some deleterious drugs bought for saleratus, and used in making bread. Some of them were not expected to survive.

MONSTER TREE.—There is said to be an oak tree near Raleigh, North Carolina, which, at the sun's meridian, covers with a shade a space of 9,000 feet. It would afford shelter for 4,500 men.

MR. MCCULLUM, the superintendent of the Erie Railroad, who some time ago discharged a conductor for allowing a director of the road to pass, was himself caught on the cars recently, and compelled to pay his way by another conductor.

MACREADY, THE TRAGEDIAN.—This gentleman, who is living in a calm retreat in Dorsetshire, England, the London critic says, has built at his own expense a school for the education of fifty boys, which has now been in full work for a year, and its breaking up for the Christmas holidays was made the occasion for a kindly meeting between the founder and the boys.

EXTENSIVE mail depredations have been traced by a secret mail agent of the Post Office Department, to a clerk in the Somerville, N. J. Post Office.

THE Rockingham Register learns from the most reliable authority, that the shock of an earthquake was felt in Pendleton county, Va., some days ago, and that an aperture had been formed in the mountains, within two or three miles of Circleville, in that county, from which volumes of black smoke are issuing, and large stones have been thrown to a great height!

FROZEN FALLS.—The Passaic Falls, we learn from the Patterson (N. J.) Guardian, are entirely frozen over, and the view is very fine.—The spray having settled upon the sides of the gorge and frozen steadily, has at last entirely closed the orifice, and the water disappears without the least noise, above the ice—nor can any of its usual leap be observed.

A GENTLEMAN who left St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 12th inst., and came direct to Milwaukee, says "That there was only one foot of snow there; but when he got down to La Crosse, in Wisconsin, the snow was four feet in depth. Business is reported to be lively in St. Paul, and the money market not closer than usual—that is from 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. a month, in warm latitudes 5 per cent. a month is considered close enough, and to him who is shinning, a plunge into a snow bank twenty feet high would be a relief."

THE Lyons, N. Y., Republican says a lad in that village wished to ascertain how tight his wet tongue would stick to an axe that had been lying in the wood shed all night. The experiment was successful, and the illustration of the tenacity of a frosty axe to a wet tongue far more forcible than pleasing. The little fellow's cries (or attempts to cry) brought his father to his assistance and the boy, with the axe sticking fast to his unruly member, was carried into the house; and it was some time before they could be made to part company.

SHUT UP.—On the 25th of January there were forty-five vessels frozen in at Holmes' Hole, ice ten feet thick. It is a considerably sized hole to hold so much.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—Mr. Buchanan left this city, for home, this morning, accompanied by twenty or more political friends.

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST.—Moses Sheppard, of Baltimore, who died, on Sunday, supposed to be worth $800,000, has left nearly the bulk of his fortune for the founding of an Insane Asylum. By the provisions of the will, the Institution is to be located near Baltimore, and to be free to all sects and denominations, except in the event of its being crowded, when preference is to be given to members of his own society,—the Society of Friends.

AT a trial, in Chicago, it was developed that the milkmen of that city are in the constant habit of adulterating their milk by adding thereto a compound called "dope," which is composed of burnt sugar, chalk and water.

FOOL HARDINESS.—A man named Forner, living near Miltonsburg, Ohio, on the 15th ult., bet a dollar that he could walk home, a distance of five miles, barefooted. He won his bet, and lost both his feet, which were so badly frozen as to require amputation.

SHARP PRACTICE.—An American gentleman recently visiting Canada, had a set of teeth seized by a custom house Argus, on the ground that they were of American manufacture, and had been smuggled into the province without the payment of duty!

ARTIFICIAL milk is said to be used extensively in Paris, and is made by putting a certain weight of bones with a little meat, with six times the weight of water, in Papin's digester. Being sealed hermetically, and raising the heat to 140 degrees F., in forty minutes, from a stop-cock, a white liquid comes out. It is nutritious, being a kind of broth, but has really none of the chemical properties of milk.

THE Mormon country and the Mormon manners do not seem to please all who emigrate to that territory. An Englishman publishes in the Leeds papers his six years' experience among the saints. He left lest its polluting principles should contaminate his own family, and expresses gratefulness at his escape from the degraded position to which he had reduced himself and them.

ELECTION OF A SENATOR.—At Albany, on the 3d inst., Preston King was elected U. S. Senator from New York, on the part of the Senate. The vote stood:—King, 14; Headley (Know Nothing,) 9; Sickels (Democrat) 1. The House concurred in the election by a large majority.

SAILING ON RUNNERS.—At Davenport, Iowa, a sail sleigh is doing a good ferry business in carrying passengers across the frozen river at five cents a head. It has two stationary runners in front and one moveable runner behind, by which it can be steered in any direction. In a good breeze the velocity is very great.

TO CURE INTEMPERANCE.—A writer in the London Lancet says, that if persons who are addicted to "sprees," will, when they feel the periodical appetite coming on, take half a drachm of ipecac, and vomit, they will lose the appetite, for the time, entirely; and, if they follow up the emetic plan, will cure themselves of the habit. When the intense desire for alcoholic stimulants comes on, the stomach is at fault; evacuate it, and the desire is removed.

DEATH OF DR. URE.—This distinguished and venerable man of science died on the 2nd ult., in London, at the age of eighty-nine years. He is well known by his writings in the United States, especially by his Dictionary of Arts, Science and Mining, which has no equal in any language.

THE COLD AT THE SOUTH.—All the ponds and streams in the neighborhood of New Orleans, La., were frozen, on Monday, Jan. 26th, and the skaters were out. At Cheraw, S. C., same day, the river was frozen entirely over, a thing unheard of. The intensity of the cold may be inferred from the fact that chickens, doves and other birds were found frozen.

ASKING FOR COMPENSATION.—A genuine Arab, named Mohammed Habat, is now in Washington, D. C., seeking redress and compensation for services rendered this country by his father, Hamet Caramalli, during the war between the United States and Tripoli, in 1804. Caramalli was the Bashaw of Tripoli, but his brother had usurped the throne. In this crisis Caramalli joined his forces with the Americans, and aided them with large supplies, both of camels and money.

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"AN INTERESTING SIGHT."

As we passed under the massive bridge at Fon-chow-fou upon the foaming breast of the still rising tide, and shot out upon the river above it, we saw a long, low raft of bamboo moored under the lee of the heavy pier to our right, on which were a Chinaman, a basket, and five duck-like birds, which we at once imagined to be the celebrated "fishing cormorants" of the East. We also imagined that this might be our only opportunity for witnessing that singular mode of fishing, and consequently thought it worth while to rest upon our oars for a moment in the hope that the Chinaman would gratify our curiosity. We were not disappointed.

Scarcely had we rounded to, when he reached out his hand towards the birds, the nearest of whom at once waddled up to him and stepped into his open palm, when he smoothed down his feathers with his right hand, bent his mouth to his arched neck for a moment, and then put him upon the edge of the raft. Then the bird dipped his bill in the water once or twice, snapped his head from side to side about the same number of times, shook his tail spasmodically, and ended by diving suddenly into the turbid waters that washed his feet.

In the meantime the four remaining cormorants were huddled together on the far end of the raft drying their feathers, switching their tails, and looking altogether quite cool and comfortable. After being down about fifteen seconds, the absent explorer popped suddenly out of the water with quite a good sized fish in his mouth, swam to his master, gave up the prize which seemed already half swallowed, and hopped upon his knee where he "shook himself" while the fish was being put into the basket. His master then stroked him down as before, (much to the apparent delight of the successful fisherman,) whispered again in his ear, and after a few moments of respite, placed him once more upon the edge of the raft.

Again he dove, and again he brought up a fish in his mouth. He then underwent a similar process of caressing, and was once more placed at the water's edge. Now, however, fortune seemed to have left him. He had no fish when he at length arose to the surface after a protracted dive, and seemed at a loss what to do. He turned himself around several times in the water, keeping his sharp eyes fixed upon his master, as if asking permission to "try it again."

Suddenly the latter made a motion with his hand, and *down* went the bird. When he came up he brought a third fish, that was quite large, eight inches long say, and which struggled violently, as though surprised at the unusual situation in which he found himself. He, too, was put in the basket, the proud cormorant was once more caressed, and then placed gently upon the centre of the raft, instead of upon the edge, as formerly. This seemed to tell him that his services were no longer required just then, and that he had acquitted himself with great credit, for he moved off to the other end of the raft with the stately step of a conqueror, while the "next in turn" advanced to supply his place. These birds were unconfined by either cage or string, and seemed to regulate their movements by a nod or motion of the hand of their master.

Cormorant No. 2 was not as sprightly a looking bird as his predecessor; nevertheless he brought up a fish after the first dive, gave a flirt with his expanded tail, and swam towards his master, to deliver up his prize. He was taken out of the water, relieved of his fish, and placed gently upon the edge of the raft, as the other had been. There he sat a few moments, perfectly motionless, but seeming suddenly to see a fish, he dropped off like a piece of lead, and nothing more was seen of him for at least ten seconds. Then he came to the surface with a spring that took him almost out of the water, but without a fish. His actions expressed his disappointment as plainly almost as words could have. He did not swim for his master as formerly, but sculled around in a small circle, keeping his bright, unsteady eyes fixed upon him as does a dog expecting a bone, and running a fearful risk of twisting his neck off.

The master pointed down with his finger, and down dove the cormorant. Still no success.—Once more, and still no luck. Finally he was taken back upon the raft, *slapped* soundly on the head, and started, waddling, stumbling heels over head, towards the other end. The "next in turn" immediately advanced to take his place.

We wondered at their beautiful training, motioned our boatmen to give way once more, and steered in towards the landing on the left bank.

Seeing this man slap the unsuccessful cormorant so unmercifully on his head, and the latter evidently so much crest-fallen, recalled to my mind an anecdote in regard to ducks and Chinamen—which I had heard upon our first arrival in China. Here it is:

The demand for ducks among them as an article of food is so great that artificial means of hatching them have to be resorted to. As in Egypt, therefore, the oven is employed, and thus immense numbers are daily produced. These are raised in boats built expressly for the purpose, and their feeding costs trouble only, and that to only one man and his family. The boats are built very flat, and have low, raft-like wings, extending out from each side; these are fenced in with bamboo, so that the ducks may be secured at night. The centre apartment is occupied by the owners of the establishment, who do there most of their eating, sleeping and drinking. I have never yet seen any country but China, where so many people pass so much of their time in their boats. Many of them—duck owners, for instance—have no house save their boats, hence the custom.

These duck-boats are allowed to drift up and down the rivers, almost at the mercy of the tides, and when their owners see what promises to be a good feeding-ground along the bank, the side doors are opened and the ducks invited to "root, little pig, or die." They now rush out by hundreds, almost thousands, and are soon waddling through the rice fields in search of food. It is very rare that any of them are lost. Their recall is effected by a peculiar whistle.

It is difficult to imagine how ducks can be brought to a state of such perfect discipline, and yet it is very well known that as soon as their keeper gives this peculiar whistle, they all make the most desperate efforts to reach the boat. I have myself seen them half flying, half swimming, through the mud, weeds and water, every one seemed trying to get back first; nothing seemed to stand in their way; they splashed through the mud and weeds, crossed the intervening water, half flying, half swimming, and ended by tumbling into the low raft without the slightest regard to life or limb. I could not but wonder at such hot haste, and was told by our pilot that the reason was, that *the last duck in was always whipped*. I laughed at the idea as absurd, but nevertheless watched to see if he spoke the truth; much to his chagrin, there seemed to be no "last duck" that time.

So much for cormorants and ducks, and now for our landing on the left bank of the river.

Five minutes' pull, after leaving the bridge, took us to a muddy part of the bank, on which mud we landed, and through which mud we picked our steps to the edge of a filthy looking ditch, which we crossed on a long and disagreeably narrow plank, and finally stamped our feet upon a slippery pile of unsteady stones, that gloried in the name of "The Landing."

My watch showed 7, A. M., as we thus partially shook from our boots their coating of mud, and congratulating ourselves upon the "shell road time" which we had made with the flood tide, we started up a narrow and filthy stream for the American Consulate. We had the Pilot to guide us, and at the end of ten minutes, found ourselves at the end of our journey. We had left the mire and dirt of the narrow streets far behind and were now upon the hill sides, breathing the fresh morning air, and shuddering periodically at the scenes and smells through which we had just passed. I believe that I have seen almost every people under the sun, and I must say that the lower order of Chinese of certain localities, are the most wretched and disgusting. Even now, I turn to my note book and shudder with disgust, as I try to find some of its entries in regard to that short walk that I can write down without a blush; it is in vain.

The scene which opened before us as we ascended the gentle slope, back of the town, was refreshing in the extreme. I never before fully appreciated the difference between "city and country life." The highly cultivated hill sides; the groves of shade trees, (a species of inferior olive,) the singing of birds; the pure air working its noisy path through the yielding foliage, and one or two clear and limpid streams, now surrounding us or crossing our narrow foot-path,—what a change from the dark and filthy streets (some of them ran through the first and under the second stories of houses) from the odor of ammonia, and from the stifling air!

At length we came to quite a high hill, around and up the side of which wound a hard and neat foot path, while upon its summit was perched a most European style of house, surrounded by extensive grounds, and flying an American ensign from a flagstaff in front. This was the Consulate: we drew long breaths of the fresh morning air, opened the gate that led into the "extensive grounds," and found ourselves passing through a tolerably kept garden. I say *tolerably kept*, for M. the Consul was a confirmed bachelor.

We were first received by four fine setter dogs, who barked violently at us; then by Mr. Sloan, (the Consul's partner) who invited us into the house; and finally by M. the Consul himself, Mr. Clark, who forced us into large bamboo chairs, and called loudly for coffee. Both of these gentlemen were, a l'Orient, in their pe-jamers, or night clothes, *enjoying their coffee* and the cool morning breeze, before heating themselves by dressing. I hope in my next letter to give the reader an idea of what we saw during a walk on this, the "left bank of the river."

AT LAST.

BY ASHTON KER.

Down, down, a pale leaf dropping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom,
My love—no longer fair.

All year long in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass-dews,
She sat so gay above;
She never dreamed of my longing,
She never wist of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called; and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold
Her fragrance from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould.

But a little, little longer
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Quietly, quietly.

Come when thou wilt, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

WOUNDED VANITY.—St. Chrysostom says that even good kings are not exempt from a feeling which the Saint himself appears to consider rather natural than otherwise. He adds, that the very best of them like to be aided, but not to be excelled. We have an example of this in the Czar Nicholas and General Mouravieff. At a sham fight, the Czar and the General commanded opposite divisions of the Russian army; the Autocrat bade the Commander look to himself, for he would assail him vigorously; Mouravieff let him come on, fled, and caused the Czar to be delighted with the prospect of gaining a victory in the eyes of his holiday people; but Mouravieff so skillfully manœuvred that, by a well-timed charge, he enveloped the Czar and Imperial staff, and took them prisoners. Nicholas kept him at a distance for some years, and hated him forever.—*Dr. Doran.*

HORSE WISDOM.—Mr. Willis, in a recent letter, enumerating the qualities of a horse which he paid only fifty dollars for, says:—"To those who have experienced the mental slavery of owning what is commonly called 'a valuable horse'—too good for anybody's use but his master's, dangerous if his coltish spirits are not kept down by regular exercise, delicately inexperienced in taking care of himself, and 'too much of an investment' to be left, unwatched, to the care of an irresponsible groom—the advantages of my 'fifty-dollar purchase' will be evident."

THE STORY OF AN ENGAGED YOUNG PERSON.

She was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was red, and so were the rims of her eyes; and her eyes themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's-maid rather than an English one. She looked as if she could put her hand and her well-rounded arm to anything, and had been very good-tempered and obliging throughout the journey. It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already rather triumphantly by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person, going out to Australia to be married; that there was somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with outstretched hands, yearning to receive her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler without doubt, although perhaps in England we should have called her rather a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well, indeed, what we were all likely to think about this matter; but she didn't care.

If I had been better looking—she began her story with this—I might never have got a husband, or at least not the money to marry him upon, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting £400 into my own pocket. And this was how it all came about: my late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing—for she told me so—to have me comfortably provided for, took me over with her, seven years ago, to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of a gay life and brilliant amusements; and that place suited her so well, that she made it her home, and I, but little loth, remained there too. Joseph and I had kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage; he said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow, although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of his getting a letter more than once a day.—He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply nearly so often; however, of course I was not a bird, that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's-maid, under such circumstances, could hope to be.

One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow-servant was on leave of absence for some days; and except the porter in the courtyard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore, having nothing better—or at least nicer—to do, and being in my mistress's bedroom among her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious full length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked in bareges, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and *low sleeves, with pearls*, became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glace silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and a falling veil fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little, to see as much of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madame—who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned—I involuntarily remarked aloud: "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind." It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel-drawers—this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them—but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond earrings, before I heard wheels in the courtyard, and my mistress came home. Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have since thought at least; and when she wished me her *bon soir*, she added: "I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie; so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself." I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glace silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich me with? No; as I hope for Heaven, and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's heart too, beating true and warm, and I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural—my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answer. The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains—ay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-cover, on the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin—everywhere where the murderer's hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed—I dared not look in the bed; but in that great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight—there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat. * * * * They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me—nothing praiseworthy, nothing. (This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at this reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.) I did not understand how much I owed him: how, not having heard from me for some time, and reading in the paper that an English lady's-maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St. Honore, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me: so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I knew. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved ill to me of old (which I am sure, dear Joseph never had, nor thought of doing.) He stood by me in court—in the prisoners' place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told him about the jewels, and of trying them on; how everything was safe, and the doors locked, and the chamber window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress's bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while: it made me shudder even then, amidst that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange, they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress's departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels—those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the courtyard, the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate-porter; but it was so vague that he was not put upon his trial. A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by my late mistress's family, nearly £400. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me anything beyond the wages due to me. After my acquittal, a collection for mine and Joseph's benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service again at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at their beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my "ugly" on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he know to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking. At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person, with a foreign appearance—which I had reason enough for disliking—and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations; and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind." I cried out "Murder" and "Police!" as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once. No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame's toilet glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate porter, whom I had never before seen; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicions against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night. It was bestowed upon me after the trial by the heir-at-law, and I obtained besides the £400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

BURNED TO CINDERS.—Professor Youman, in a learned lecture on chemistry, said:—

"What is the relation of oxygen to the living body? Every animal is busy drawing in and throwing out air—an increasing tidal ebb and flow. The oxygen of the air passes through the membranes of the lungs, is taken up by the blood, and carried to all parts of the body. It does here what it does everywhere—it burns. Slow combustion goes on in the body, and carbonic acid and water are produced.—This combustion is necessary to keep up heat and fever, and the oxygen of the air must have carbon and hydrogen, in the form of food and drink, to feed upon. Cut off a man from everything but air, and the oxygen at every breath will cut away a portion of his own frame. The most combustible parts are first consumed; he grows lighter and more emaciated every hour. First, the fat disappears, then the muscles are assailed, and lastly, the devouring giant, oxygen, attacks the brain and nerves, delirium ensues, and death closes the scene. Men say he has starved to death, but the scientific truth is that he has been burned to cinders."

"GONE TO JERICHO."—In the Patent Rolls of the Manor of Blackmore, near Colchester, occurs (18th February, 20 Hen. VIII., 1528-9,) an entry of a tenement called "Jericho," reported to have been one of the king's pleasure houses. Hence, when the luxurious monarch was missing, the cant phrase among the courtiers was that "he was gone to Jericho."—*See Camden Miscellany, Vol. 3.*

DR. KANE IN CUBA.

BY ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

A noble life is in thy care,
A sacred trust to thee is given;
Bright Island! let thy healing air
Be to him as the breath of Heaven.

The marvel of his daring life—
The self-forgetting leader bold—
Stirs, like the trumpet's call to strife,
A million hearts of meaner mould.

Eyes that shall never meet his own,
Look dim with tears across the sea.
Where, from the dark and icy zone,
Sweet Isle of Flowers! he comes to thee

Fold him in rest, oh, plying clime!
Give back his wasted strength again;
Soothe, with thy endless summer time,
His winter-wearied heart and brain.

Sing soft and low, thou tropic bird,
From out the fragrant, flowery tree—
The ear that hears thee now, has heard
The ice-break of the winter sea.

Through his long watch of awful night,
He saw the Bear in Northern skies;
Now, to the Southern Cross of light,
He lifts in hope his weary eyes.

Prayers, from the hearts that watched in fear,
When the dark North no answer gave,
Rise, trembling, to the Father's ear,
That still His love may help and save

Amesbury, 1st mo., 1857. —*National Era.*

A VISIT
TO A PARIS MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

I wished to see and understand a matrimonial agency, and with this view presented myself to Mr. X——.

This Mr. X—— is a man of about fifty years, with white hair, smiling, clean-shaven, and in fact resembling a provincial tenor.

"Sir," said he, after having offered me a chair, "there is a very false idea of my establishment in the world. There are people who think that I have under lock and key a regiment of old, middle-aged, and young ladies who promenade under the eyes of the visitor, who himself is in position of a Sultan throwing a handkerchief. Others are content to suppose that they will see ladies, who wish to be married, through a key-hole.

"Nothing is more simple than my establishment, and at the same time nothing is more complicated than its machinery.

"I should commence by declaring to you that I have very little to do with women, and that I treat only with men.

"In the conjugal drama, of which I am the stage manager, the woman plays a part without knowing it.

"I have correspondents in all the chief places. I am on terms with all the notaries of France, who keep me advised in regard to those delicate little things—marriage portions.

"I arrange those dowries in my books according to their importance, and I am the only man in France who can approximate nearly to the sum to which all the united dowries of the kingdom amount.

"A gentleman desires to be married; he comes to see me, and I ask him the necessary questions.

"If his answers are satisfactory, I assign a rendezvous to my client, and propose different parties to him.

"When we agree upon preliminaries, I charge myself with putting the gentleman *en rapport* with the lady, whom I consider as a puppet whose strings I am to pull.

"If the heiress lives in the provinces, I address a correspondent, who always finds the means of bringing the two unknown together. A soiree, a ball, a pic-nic, under some pretext or other, there are a thousand means of coupling the two stars destined to shine in the same firmament.

"Once in sight of the 'object,' the rest is with the gentleman: it is for him to exhibit his *address*.

"And this is how, my dear sir, I accomplish a high social mission."

Mr. X—— remained a moment absorbed in his reflections, then said to me:—"Let me relate to you a little fact, which has just occurred.

"At Lisle there lived, three months since, a very pretty young girl with a dowry of six thousand francs. She had been courted by a host, but despite her beauty, she thought her suitors were influenced by a love of her money and not her person.

"She wished to be loved for herself—a cottage and a heart!

"As an heiress, of course, the young girl's name was written in my book of gold. And at that time a very nice young fellow was seeking from me a fine marriage. I directed his attention to this star of the North.

"I wrote to my correspondent, informing him of the facts, and sending him three thousand francs to give a ball to which the young lady was to be invited.

"The morning of the day assigned for the ball, the amiable young man dropped in on my correspondent like a friend suddenly arrived, went to the ball, danced with the young lady, and opened a fire of compliments upon her.

"He know no one in the city, was completely ignorant of the name of her he was dancing with; but he had never seen such bright eyes, abundant hair, grace of figure, patrician hands, small feet, *et cetera*.

"After the first contra-dance he asked the favor of a waltz, which was followed by a polka, then a mazourka, then a schottische.

"He showed himself so infatuated during the evening that the young girl, reflecting that this stranger having arrived that morning, could not know the amount of her fortune, thought she had found the ideal dream, the enthusiastic Werter, the St. Preux of her platonic love.

"Some days after, through my correspondent, the young man became a visitor at the house of the young lady, and this morning I received the following letter:—

"'MY DEAR MR. X——:

"'All is right. I have led the lady to the altar, and have touched to-day her pretty little fortune.'

"And that was the way, my dear sir, I married a girl who wished to be loved for herself alone."—*Boston Gazette.*

DISTEMPER IN DOGS.—I have found from experience that a large tablespoonful of common salt effects a cure, if given at the commencement of the disease. If the first dose be not sufficient it may be repeated after the lapse of one day.—*Cor. London Field.*

SNAKES.—The principal venomous snakes of Texas, besides the rattlesnake, are the land and water mocassins, cotton-heads, coach-whips, and copper-heads. We saw none of these, however, in a six months' journey, with the exception of the mocassins, so that they must be comparatively rare, and little to be dreaded. With the mocassins we became very familiar, in traversing the coast region of the eastern part of the State, one or two of the black water-mocassins showing themselves in every pool we entered, even twenty times a day. My acquaintence with the land variety originated a week or two before this, in returning from the mountains. I was creeping up to get within shot of a deer (a useless labor I need not confess), when I suddenly dropped my eyes upon one of these creatures, about five feet before me, and in my direct path. I drew back aghast, for he did look like a devil incarnate, to be sure. He lay coiled, with a short, thick black body, a huge head, a wide open, flame-colored mouth, long fangs, and a forked tongue, dancing about in ecstasy of malice. It was a moment or two before I recovered my discretion, which, I acquiesced, in such a case, was the better part of valor. The day before, one of the Sisterdale gentleman had described these creatures to me, while bathing, and had recommended me to be careful in entering the water. —*Olmstead's Journey Through Texas.*

THE SPIRITS OF THE RUSSIAN.—The Russian peasant, male or female, is—when sober—always mournful, dejected, doleful. All the songs he sings are monotonous complaints, drawling, pining, and despairing. You have heard how the Swiss soldiers used to weep and die sometimes for home sickness at the notes of the Ranz des Vaches. The Muscovite moujik has a perpetual home sickness upon him; but it a sickness, not for, but of his home. He sick of his life and of himself. When drunk only, the Russian peasant lights up into a feeble corpse-candle sort of gaiety; but it is temporary and transient, and he sobers himself in sackcloth and ashes.—*F. Sala.*

"NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM."—This well known saying, that a shoemaker should not go beyond his last, originated with Apelles, the celebrated Greek painter, who set a picture which he had finished, in a public place, concealed himself behind it, in order to hear the criticisms of passers by. A shoemaker observed a defect in the shoe, and the painter forthwith corrected it. The cobbler came again in the next day, and encouraged by the success of his first remark, began to extend his censure to the leg of the figure; when the angry painter thrust out his head from behind the picture, and told the shoemaker to keep to his trade.—*Timbs.*

Useful Receipts.

CRACKER PIE.—As apples are very scarce in many sections of the country, I think the housewife will find the following recipe for making an apple pie out of crackers, very acceptable. For a common sized baking plate, take four of the square or six of the round crackers, a teacupful of sugar, and a teaspoonfull of tartaric acid; break the crackers into a pint of water, add the sugar and acid and finish as an apple pie. *Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

FRUIT IN JELLY.—Put in a basin half a pint of calf's foot jelly, and when it has become set lay in a bunch of grapes, with the stalks upwards, or fruit of any kind; over this put a few vine leaves, and fill up the bowl with warm jelly; let it stand till next day, and then set the bowl in water up to the brim for a moment, then turn out carefully. It is an elegant looking dish.

DIARRHŒA IN SHEEP.—I have found rock salt to be an effectual corrective. For field-stock, lumps of it must be put into "box troughs," with only one side open, which must always be turned away from the wind, on account of the rain.—*Cor. London Field.*

LABOR-SAVING SOAP.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of lime in a gallon of cold water, then take off the clear; dissolve half a pound of sal-soda in a quart of water, and mix it with the clear lime water. One pound of brown soap dissolved in a gallon of water is then to be added to the clear liquor formed with the sal-soda and lime water, and this forms the soap. This soft soap is excellent for boiling white linens; it removes all grease that is in them, because it contains an excess of caustic lye. About one quart of it is sufficient for boiling clothes in a ten-gallon copper. A quantity of this may be made up and kept for constant use.

LICE ON FARM STOCK.—When any stock is infested with lice, whether horses, cattle, sheep, or hogs, I give copperas in their food every other day, for six or eight days—say a teaspoonful to a sheep. If the above directions are followed, I will pledge my word the prescription will kill the vermin inside and out, leaving your cattle with a clean stomach and a healthy skin. The remedy is so simple you may not think it worth trying, but it is no humbug. *Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

CURE FOR NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD.—The most speedy method of curing Neuralgia in the head is said to be by the steady application of magnetism or electricity to the part affected. M. Laennec, the distinguished French Physician, says, "When the pains are frequently relieved them by the [illegible] application of two magnetized shells, disposed in such a manner as to throw the magnetic current existing between them, through the affected part."

ARROWROOT.—A tumbler full of this may be made in two minutes, if you have boiling water at hand. Take a small bowl and rub in it a teaspoonful of cold water, rub it smooth, add another of warm water, and stir it till it is perfectly free from grains; then pour off boiling water, stirring it all the time, till it changes from a thick to a transparent substance; a little lemon juice and sugar makes this a delicious [illegible] of thickened lemonade. When [illegible] bowl, pour it into a tumbler with [illegible] drop on the outside, and put it [illegible] and serve it. Arrowroot prepared instead of water is more substantial, must be seasoned with salt. It may be as thick as blancmange, and eaten with cream and sugar.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR FROSTED FEET.—An old subscriber in Virginia, tells us that the Essence of Hemlock—not the poisonous Hemlock, but what is called in some of the States, Spruce Pine—applied externally, is an excellent remedy for frosted feet—better, he thinks, than those remedies we have 'ready given our readers. It can be purchased at any drug store. It is also efficacious for burns, for chronic rheumatism, and for what is called scratches in horses.

THE NURSLING.

BY V., AUTHOR OF "IX, POEMS" AND "PAUL FERROLL."

How can thy mother be more bless'd
Than thus to feed thee from her breast!
What loss of time can sweeter be
Than thus to nurse thee on her knee!
Indays gone by I loved the strife,
The motion, sound, and change of life;
I lov'd to talk, laugh, listen, roam,
And sit with mirth the calm of home.
But now my heart new feelings move,
Unknown when those were in their bloom;
And better than them all, I love
To nurse thee in this silent room.

I steal beneath the limp, and trace
The dawn of beauty in thy face—
The woman's blessing—which shall bend
Around thee many a sudden friend.
I see thy large eyes, blue and bright,
The lash that shades their azure light;
I see thy finely pencil'd brow,
Trac'd darkly on thy skin of snow;
Thy long, small hand, thy curving lip,
The graceful posture of thy sleep.
Thy locks in infant mazes pil'd—
Alice, my fair and quiet child.
The days will come when thou must go
Free through the world wherein we live;
But, daughter, yet thou dost not know
More bliss than this fond breast can give.

My heart will bound to know thee bless'd,
My eyes will beam to see thee fair;
My hands in fancy oft have dress'd
With its first wreath thy sunny hair.
But oh, I love to dream these dreams,
While scarce are lit thy morning beams;
And feel and rear'd by me alone.
Thou'rt all, and nothing but my own
wine round my hand thy slender finger,
thine eye on thy mother's finger,
ile to my smile, thou dearest thing
wonder while I bend and sing
mmand me with each dear caprice,
ound of silence come or cease,
and thy food with eye and lip,
sfied, then sink to sleep;
will hold thee on my knee,
elding all my joy in thee—
fairy-gift, my priceless pearl,
pal-cup, my first-born girl!

PASHA OF DAMASCUS.

cy produces so many examples as
en rising from the lowest station to
and greatest. Manners, customs,
considerably favor those sudden
of fortune. But of all these examples
Turkish history none surprises more than
some
e Governorship of Damascus.
, and Mu
ad were the sons of a rich
in Constantinople, who died when his
had scarcely passed their boyhood,
them in the possession of considerable
Murad continued the business of his
nd by prudence and industry soon in-
is hereditary portion, while Muhamed,
any of idlers and flatterers, spent his
the most reckless manner, by indulg
kinds of excesses. It was no wonder
extravagant life totally ruined Muha-
few years, and that when his fortune
his gay companions likewise departed.
own brother closed his door against
ring that he, not having heeded his
did not deserve compassion.
this is no uncommon fate of spend-
the conduct of his former associ-
especially the hard-heartedness of his
duced a deep impression upon the
red heart of this unhappy youth. But
with inflexible power of mind, he
not lose courage, but determined to bear
ill-merited fate with manly firmness. As
no other means of subsistence offered
he was
ced to live on the alms he re-
from the believers at the mosques. It
ned at this time that the Sultan visited
the chief mosques. He was surrounded
high dignitaries of the state, dressed in
most costly and magnificent garments.—
him walked two courtiers having large
of money, which he, according to custom,
buted among the multitude. Every piece
ney was wrapped up in paper; but mixed
ese packets were others containing small
pieces of glass, on which the Sultan had
some useful morals or proverbs com-
by himself. These lines generally
poverty, and ridiculed the foolish ac-
the overbearing rich. You may well
that the mass of people following the
ch were more greedy of the money than
proverbs.
med was among the mass. He observed
ely all the movements of the monarch;
en the latter took out of the bags hand-
gold and silver and strewed it among
ultitude, he eagerly grasped at one of the
packets, and then pushing his way through
rowd, hastened to a solitary spot and open-
How great was his disappointment when,
of the expected gold, he found a round
of glass! He was on the point of throw-
away, when his eyes caught the follow-
rds: "Ability and courage have open-
ed to distinction to many." Muhamed
ed the words, and having taken
fully placed both paper and
an, and hastened away, well
ng how to act.
are traders in Constantinople who lend
ts of dresses, from the most costly, stud-
other precious stones,
of the Dervish. The
rade rests in the fact that
lised from abject poverty
, are in immediate need of clothes
their new stations. From the same
ese traders furnish those upstarts with
ervants, and other necessary requisites,
ev lend for stipulated weekly payment.
these traders, Muhamed directed his
possessing a dignified figure, noble
nd engaging manners, he, through a
tale, soon persuaded the usurer to
im with magnificent clothes, fine
ol a richly dressed body guard. With-
ours th
beggar was changed
strious
who moved the admi
poor
undertaken to pay for
the course of a week.—
ensive
, but certainly an inventive
no m
the costly turban seemed to
hat thro
able amount of sense and
unders
his body guard, he galloped
house of his brother, and remaining in
sent one of his servants with the mes-
that Muhamed, his brother, de-
speak to him. Murad was on the
turning some angry words, when,
he caught sight of the splendid
rt-yard. He hastened out of
brother, and to give him a

Muhamed, without dismounting, thus addressed his brother:

"Murad, the Sultan, our master, has appointed me Pasha of Damascus; but to properly equip myself for this new dignity, I require a considerable amount of money. Lend it me, and I will thankfully repay you as it becomes a brother and a Pasha."

"May the Lord increase our most gracious master's glory!" replied his delighted brother. "In you Providence raises our family to a never dreamed-of greatness. Wonderful are the ways of Allah—immeasurable the fountain of His grace! With pleasure I now offer you, Muhamed, my whole fortune—take from it as much as you want. May Allah always take you under His protection!"

During the night Muhamed prepared for his departure. He furnished himself with a body guard of fifty men, and engaged a few Tartar couriers. On the day following he sent his treasurer to his brother for twenty thousand ducats, paid the trader for his outfit, crossed the Bosphorus, and travelled straightway to Damascus.

Muhamed was no common impostor, who only hunts after momentary results; but he had calculated everything beforehand. His liberality, his commanding person, and his noble bearing, in a country where sudden promotion is of daily occurrence, convinced every one, and especially his followers, that he was really appointed Pasha of Damascus. At first he travelled quietly to avoid publicity; but the further he went from Stamboul, and the nearer he approached the boundaries of his province, the more openly he showed himself in his new dignity, the more liberally he distributed presents and alms in the towns through which he passed. Everywhere he was received with due respect and laden with presents. When he arrived within three days' march of Damascus, he halted and encamped. He then dictated letters to the most eminent emirs in Damascus, announcing to them that in consequence of treachery, the Grand Vizier had fallen into disgrace, and had been strangled, and that his son, the Pasha of Damascus, as an accomplice of his father, had to await the same punishment; that he, Muhamed, appeared as newly-appointed Governor, to execute the sentence of the Sultan; and he commanded the emirs to imprison the criminal and to well guard him till his arrival.

Before, however, despatching these instructions, he sent a letter by express to the Governor of Damascus, secretly informing him that his father had been executed, and that the same fate awaited him when the new Pasha arrived. The consequence of this well calculated communication was the immediate flight of the poor Governor, who was by no means a favorite of the people. His fear of death was so great, that he left everything behind him, even his wives and treasures.

After the emirs had received the despatches, they called a council, and debated upon the steps to be taken for the execution of the received commands. While doing so there appeared a second messenger, with a letter of similar contents. Fearing delay and resistance would only endanger themselves, they quickly collected all their partisans, and ordered the inhabitants to take the old Pasha prisoner, and with due respect to receive the approaching one. Some, therefore, hastened to the palace of the disgraced Governor, beset all exits, and as they met with no resistance, searched the whole place—but in vain. The furious populace loudly blamed the carelessness of the emirs, and no doubt would have broken out into a rebellion that would have led to the pillaging of the city, had not, at the very moment, from the opposite part of the city, cries of rejoicings been heard which saluted the entering Pasha.

The new Governor, surrounded by a splendid suite, proceeded, without stopping, to the palace, strewing on his way money among the people. The emirs were ready to receive him.

"Where is the guilty one?" demanded Muhamed, fixing his piercing eyes upon the assembly.

His severe, commanding tone created a general consternation. A long silence ensued. At last one of the emirs took courage and said,

"Your highness will graciously pardon us. The condemned probably received secret communication from Constantinople, in consequence of which he has fled from Damascus, for when we searched the palace he was gone."

"Fled!" cried the amazed Muhamed, with thundering voice. "Miserable slaves! Know ye that my commands are laws of the Sultan, our most gracious master. Away from my presence. Soon you will receive the punishment that falls upon those who like you disregard the authority of his highness."

This threat spread fear and consternation among the emirs. The new Pasha had through his liberality already won the common people, and resistance was therefore out of the question. Muhamed, however, had the emirs called back one by one, received them most graciously, and presented them with a part of the treasures of his predecessor. In this manner he changed the common fear into general joy. This energetic deportment of the new Governor produced the still more favorable result that the terrified emirs dared not inquire for the firman of the Sultan by which Muhamed was appointed Pasha of Damascus; but they were satisfied that their carelessness with respect to the taking of the former Pasha remained unpunished.

In the meantime Muhamed, who possessed quite as much intellect as energy, commenced his office by lessening the burdens of the people, by abolishing abuses which had crept in during the administration of his predecessors, by giving excellent laws, and by taking under his particular protection agriculture, commerce, and science. After having in this manner won the general confidence of the better classes, he insured himself the affection of the multitude by his great liberality to the poor. Towards the old Governor's relations and friends he acted in the most magnanimous spirit; and to those of the emirs who had held office under that poor fellow he presented honors and riches.

At the time when this happened the communication between the capital and the provinces was very deficient, and this was the cause why a considerable time elapsed before the Sultan heard of these most extraordinary occurrences at Damascus, and it was only through the exiled Pasha himself, who had fled from Damascus through the Desert to Bagdad, that the affair came under his notice. Arrived there well disguised, the poor Pasha, unable to find any other means of subsistence, was forced to beg at the mosques. Shortly after, however, he found employment at a confectioner's.

THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF THE LIFE-BOAT "MARY WHITE" TO BROADSTAIRS.

[See Article.]

The Turk is accustomed to such most unexpected changes of fortune. The sudden advancement, as well as the abrupt downfall from the summit of greatness, he bears with calmness, I might say, indifference; and our unfortunate Governor was no exception to this rule. He lived, quietly submitting to his hard fate, in obscurity and poverty for several months, without having even the courage to lisp the name of his father, the Grand Vizier, or to show himself in public places. At last it happened that an official of the Porte, who had formerly lived at Damascus, with great astonishment saw him in the shop of the confectioner, and addressed him as follows—

"Is it possible! Your highness? I believe—I certainly think I speak to the Pasha of Damascus. Is it not so?"

"You err, sir," replied the terrified man, with visible embarrassment. "I am a poor workman, an assistant of the confectioner."

"Are you? Well—I really cannot—no, no, I cannot believe it. I know you so well! Are you not the son of the Grand Vizier, my most gracious master? What would your noble father say if he saw you in this disguise?"

"In the name of Allah!" whispered the troubled Pasha, "have you been a friend of my father's? Then I implore you, by his dear ashes, do not betray me!"

"Ashes!—betray! What does your highness mean? Your father is alive, and as well as I am. Only this morning I have received a letter from his own hand."

A few more words disclosed the whole affair. The son of the Grand Vizier, highly rejoicing, went to the house of the official to change his clothes for some more becoming to his dignity, and then both started without delay to Constantinople to pray the Sultan for justice. They first went to the Grand Vizier, who could not understand the whole affair, though he heard it from the lips of his own son, and even the Sultan would not believe it when it came to his ears. Still, if it were true, he solemnly vowed that the shameless impostor should feel the whole weight of his anger, and he forthwith dispatched an officer with four hundred janissaries to Damascus, to take the daring fellow prisoner, and to transport him to Constantinople.

The eight months' government of Damascus by Muhamed, had been exceedingly beneficial to the inhabitants of that province, who looked upon him as a father, and it was to be expected that his removal would create considerable dissatisfaction. When the officer of the Sultan appeared before Muhamed, and handed him the letter of his master, the former kissed it in all humility, pressed it as a sign of his subjection on his forehead, and requested only a few hours' delay to prepare for the journey. During this interval he commanded the emirs to his presence, informed them of his recall, and took an affectionate leave of them. Scarcely, however, had the soldiers left the town, when all the emirs and principal inhabitants of the town met together, and resolved to humbly petition the Sultan to give them no other Pasha but Muhamed, to whom they and all the people of the province were deeply indebted. This petition was handed to a messenger, who was charged to carry it in five days to Constantinople. As this letter appeared to many not urgent enough, a second was immediately drawn up, in which the services of Muhamed were detailed, and in which was clearly expressed the determination that the province would not freely submit to any other Pasha. As soon as Muhamed arrived at Constantinople, he was immediately led into the presence of the Sultan.

"In the name of Allah, speak, man!" demanded the Grand Signior. "Who are you, that you have so little feared the anger of your lord?"

"One of the Pashas of your imperial highness," replied the undaunted Muhamed, respectfully.

"By the beard of the prophet," cried the Sultan, with increasing anger, "who has appointed you Pasha, and who has signed the firman of this promotion, miserable impostor?"

"Your imperial highness, the sovereign of the believers," quietly replied Muhamed.

"This is too much!" said the Sultan. "Show the firman, or I will have you strangled instantly, you arch rogue."

"Here it is, your highness," replied Muhamed, and he drew from his breast a piece of paper, in which was wrapped the piece of glass, and which he laid respectfully at the feet of the Sultan.

Impatiently the Sultan picked it up, and looked with searching eye on the writing, which he easily recognised as his own. Then he remained silent for some time, lost in thought, while the Grand Vizier, standing near him, expected a fresh burst of anger, and Muhamed, hoping for pardon, bent his knees. At that moment the letters arrived from Damascus, which, as extraordinarily important, were without delay handed to the sovereign.

After the Sultan had carefully read the letters he spoke as follows:

"Grand Vizier, Allah is merciful! Should I punish this fellow, I should cause great discontentment, and perhaps an insurrection in a province of my empire. Therefore I will rather give to your son the administration of another province. You, Muhamed, I will appoint Pasha of Damascus; yet remember that I only pardon you and confirm your appointment, because you have shown a kind heart towards my people! Go!"

"Praised be the mercy of our lord and Sultan!" cried the happy Muhamed, and amid the rejoicings of the multitude he left the palace. He afterwards governed Damascus with great success and wisdom for twenty-five years.

E. H.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The fashion in the make of dresses continues much the same as it has been for some time past. The taste for profuse and elaborate trimmings, which has so long obtained favor, is unabated; it may, indeed, be said to be on the increase rather than otherwise. Several silk dresses have been trimmed with velvet in a style presenting a very rich effect. One of these is an out door dress of blue silk, and is made with a high corsage. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of graduated widths, and ornamented with rows of black velvet disposed in the following manner:—At the edge of each flounce there is a broad band of velvet; at an interval of about half way up the flounce, or a little more, another band of velvet is placed, slightly narrower than that at the edge. Between these two bands there are seven rows of very narrow velvet, and above the upper one five rows. The corsage is trimmed with rows of black guipure, and fastened by a row of velvet buttons of the color of the dress. The corsage has a basque, trimmed with rows of black velvet and edged with black guipure. The sleeves plain at the upper part, and finished at the ends by a deep frill trimmed with velvet and guipure. A dress of green moire antique is trimmed with horizontal rows of black velvet, headed by narrow black lace partially falling over the velvet. The corsage of this dress is open in front, and within the opening are horizontal rows of black velvet one above the other. A band of black velvet finishes the upper edge of the corsage, and the basque is trimmed with rows of velvet and lace. The sleeves are rather wide, and in the pagoda form. In the inside of the arm they are slit up, displaying under sleeves of richly-embroidered muslin.

Dresses of black velvet are ornamented with lace, passementerie, and embroidery in jet. The trimming is frequently disposed up each side of the skirt. The basque (if the corsage has one) and the ends of the sleeves are also richly ornamented with trimming the same as that on the skirt. Dresses of colored velvet, such, for instance, as ruby, Sevres blue, garnet, and other rich hues, are much worn at evening parties. The corsage may be either high or low, and is trimmed with lace; lace being also employed either as flounces or side trimmings for the skirt. The short sleeves of velvet dresses, which have low corsages, are covered with sleeves of lace in the form of double pagodas. On ruby color velvet, trimmings of black or white lace are equally fashionable.

Among the novelties in flowers may be mentioned a trimming for a ball dress consisting of sprays of foliage sprigged with flowers. These sprays pass up each side of the dress, and from the waist they are prolonged to each shoulder, whence drooping sprays descend over the sleeves. A trimming of this kind, consisting of ivy-leaves intermingled with gold berries, was worn with a dress of white figured silk at a ball given a few evenings since at the Tuileries.—*London Lady's Paper of Jan. 10th.*

Intrepidity.—The Prior of the Convent of Signe was preaching in his church, in which nearly the whole population of the place had assembled. Suddenly, the shock of an earthquake was felt. Every one rose hastily and prepared to fly; but the preacher, without displaying the slightest emotion, shouted in a voice of thunder, "Impious that you are, to tremble in the House of God!" The congregation was quieted, and the sermon was finished.—*Memoirs of Marshal Marmont.*

THE WRECK OF THE NORTHERN BELLE.

[See Engraving.]

It was during a dreadful storm which took place on the coast of England, on Monday, the 5th of January last, that the American ship Northern Belle from New York to London, came to anchor off Kingsgate, about three-quarters of a mile from shore. It was then three o'clock in the morning. A few hours later she rode very heavily, and the sea at times broke completely over her. The crew having cut away the mizen and main masts, the ship rode easier; but as the gale increased, and as it was feared that she would part from her anchors and come on shore, a message was sent to Broadstairs to that effect. The Broadstairs boatmen, who are renowned for their alacrity, immediately harnessed themselves to the truck on which the life-boat—the *Mary White*—is always ready, and proceeded to drag it from Broadstairs to Kingsgate, a distance of two miles, over a heavy and hilly country. It was nine o'clock when the boat arrived at Kingsgate. By that time the news of the ship's dangerous position was spread throughout the neighborhood, and by eleven o'clock the cliffs were crowded by persons of all ranks, from Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. At 11 30 A. M., the multitude assembled were destined to witness a very painful sight. A Margate lugger called the *Victory*, was hovering about the ship in the hope of rendering her some assistance, when a huge sea struck her and she suddenly disappeared from sight. She and her crew went down, and were no more seen. Another lugger, the *Ocean*, of Margate, had at 6, A. M., put five hands on board the *Northern Belle*. At noon, it was expected every moment that the ship would run on shore upon the rocks beneath the cliff; but she held on, the crowd remaining until dark anxiously watching the vessel, despite the hail, sleet, and snow, which began to descend. Between ten and eleven on Monday night the ship parted with her anchor and drove upon the rocks. At that hour it would have been utterly impossible to launch the life-boat, for the hail, sleet, and snow prevented the men from seeing any object whatever; and the spot whence it would be necessary to put off was distant more than half a mile. When day broke, at between six and seven o'clock next morning, an awful sight was revealed to those on the cliffs and on the beach. With the naked eye could be seen twenty three men lashed to the rigging of the only mast left standing. What those poor creatures must have suffered during the night the reader will readily imagine.

At half-past seven o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the life boat, the *Mary White*, was manned. Since July, 1850, when this boat was presented to the boatmen of Broadstairs by Mr. Thomas White, of Cowes, she has saved many lives, and her crew have encountered many dangers; but never had she been engaged in a matter of such peculiar peril. Ten brave men pulled through a boiling surf and raging sea, which several times hid them from sight, and filled all with alarm for their safety. When seven out of the twenty-three men upon the wreck had been got into the life-boat it was found necessary to cut her adrift and disentangle her from the ship. With these seven men the boat returned to the shore amid the cheers of the many persons assembled on the beach.

A second life boat, which had also been wheeled from Broadstairs, to be ready in the event of the first life-boat being lost, was now launched, and went off to the wreck. She succeeded in bringing away fourteen. The two remaining were the captain, and the pilot who had been taken in at Dover. The former declared that he would rather die than leave his vessel, and the latter expressed a desire to remain and perish in the old man's company. After an hour and a half had elapsed the life-boat for the third time left the shore in order to persuade these two men to save their lives. After much difficulty the crew of the boat succeeded in inducing them to come off the rigging and go to the land. It is impossible to describe the scene on the beach when it was known that all hands had been saved. A more affecting scene was seldom witnessed. There were tears of gratitude shed by the Americans, tears of joy and of pride by the Broadstairs boatmen. Benumbed as the shipwrecked men were, they could scarcely partake of the refreshment which was provided for them in the little warm parlor of "The Captain Digby," the solitary inn which stands upon the cliff at Kingsgate. When they were safely housed there, the second mate of the *Northern Belle* grasped Mr. Lang, the *Times* reporter, warmly by the hand, and expressed the pride he felt in his English descent. "None but Englishmen," said he, "would have come off to our rescue in such a sea!"

At three o'clock on Tuesday the *Mary White* was dragged upon her truck by three horses into Broadstairs. In the boat sat her gallant crew. Tied to an American oar was the American standard which was so recently hoisted as a signal of distress. The tattered flag fluttered over the broken bows of the *Mary White*. It was thus that the boat passed through the streets of Broadstairs, amidst the joyous shouts of the inhabitants of the town. We have engraved this stirring scene.

Nearly all the brave fellows who, at the imminent peril of their own lives, were thus engaged in restoring to America the lives of nineteen of those seamen of whom she is so justly proud, are married men, with large families of small children; and there is not a man among them who has not assisted in saving life, and who has not, at some period, lost a father, brother, or cousin, in the same glorious cause.

A subscription has been opened to reward the deserving and self-sacrificing conduct of the crews of the two boats; and General Robert Campbell, the United States' Consul in London, has appealed in their behalf to the American residents in the metropolis; and Mr. Joseph Rodney Croskey has generously subscribed £50 to the above fund. Mr. Laing, in a letter to the *Times*, states the names of the crews of the boats, and adds some well-timed details:

Crew of the *Mary White*.—John Castle, Geo. Castle, William Hillier, Jr., Robert Miller, Jas. Rowe, George Emptage, Edward Emptage.—This boat saved seven hands.

Crew of the *Calmer White* on her first trip to the wreck.—John Cowell, William Wales, Jethrow Miller, John Sandwell, George Emptage, Thomas Holborn, William Ralph, Robert Gilbert, Robert Parker. Saved fourteen hands.

Crew of the *Calmer White* on her second trip to save the captain and pilot.—John Cowell, William Wales, Jethro Miller, Jerry Walker, Fred. Lawrence, Thomas Sandwell, Robert Simpson, James Bore, Robert Parker, George Emptage, Alfred Emptage.

These men were not laboring under any species of excitement when they engaged in the perilous duty which they performed so nobly and so well. Mr. Laing, in his letter to the *Times*, says, on this point: "Under the impression that these men would never return—the impression of all who witnessed their departure from the shore—I watched their countenances closely. There was nothing approaching bravado in their demeanor—nothing to give a spectator an idea that they were about to engage in a matter of life or death to themselves and the crew of the ship clinging to the fore-rigging of the *Northern Belle*. They had no hope of a 'decoration,' or of pecuniary reward when, with a coolness of manner and a calmness of mind which contrasted strongly with the energy of their movements, they 'stripped to their shirts,' and bounded into the *Mary White* and the *Calmer White* to storm batteries of billows far more appalling to the human mind than batteries surmounted by cannon, and bristling with bayonets. There could be no question about the heroism of these men."

Lotteries in Naples.—It is supposed that the shortest way of exciting a revolution at Naples, would be to suppress the lottery offices. That peril his present Majesty is careful to avoid. The lotto is a pet institution of his.—Government agents assist the sale of tickets.—Government telegraphs communicate the result of the drawings. By every means in his power, the king stimulates the gambling mania, which is one of the most ruinous propensities of the Neapolitan people. On the day fixed for the drawing, the commissary of police gets into a pulpit in the hall where the ceremony is performed, and behind him stations a party of soldiers; four judges and two priests, (nothing at Naples without priests) take their seats on the platform; the audience—a motley assemblage of lazzaroni, mechanics, foreigners, mothers with babies, blear eyed old women, children and officers—is called to order. An official steps forward, shakes the ticket box in sight of the crowd, and a boy from the Foundling Hospital puts in his hand, and draws out five numbers. These win; as they are proclaimed to the crowd, the sensation is overpowering; men shout, women cry, many faint away from the excess of their disappointment.

Once, some years ago, a poor girl, whose lover was in prison for a small debt, and who had vainly exhausted her energies in endeavoring to raise the sum for his release by working, put her two last pennies in the lotto, and went home overwhelmed by despair. She had forgotten to reserve the means to provide herself with food; that night she lay down supperless, and went out in the morning to beg a grano to purchase some breakfast. It was a rainy morning; few foreigners were in the streets; she trudged up and down through mud and rain, weak from hunger, and found no one willing to give her the alms she asked. Toward mid-day, she was passing the lottery office. Her stake suddenly occurred to her; she pressed in with the throng, was borne into the room where the drawing took place, and sank upon the floor.—She was unconscious of what took place till a great shout aroused her. Some one by her side inquired what number had won? She no sooner heard it than she uttered a piercing shriek, held up her ticket, and cried, "My Ludovico!" and fainted away. She had won the great prize. But her feeble frame, worn away by want and suffering, could not support the shock. She was carried out lifeless. Having no heirs, the proceeds of the prize went, of course, to the Church, which buried her with much pomp and praying, and Ludovico remained in jail.

Origin of "Hurrah!"—The word is pure Slavonian, and is commonly heard, from the coasts of Dalmatia to Behring's Straits, whom any of the population living within these limits are called on to give proof of courage and valor. The origin of this word belongs to the primitive idea that every man that dies heroically for his country goes straight to heaven—*Hu-raj* ("to paradise"); and it is said that in the shock and ardor of battle the combatants utter that cry, as the Turks do that of "Allah!" each animating himself by the certitude of immediate recompense, to forget earth, and to contemn death.—*Timbs's Curiosities.*

Prolific.—The author of Notes and Queries states that Mrs. Greenhill had thirty-nine children by one husband, all born alive, and were baptized—and further, they were all at single births but one. The last child was born after his father's death, and grew up to be a practising surgeon, King street, Bloomsbury, England. He also became an author of a work on Embalming Human Bodies.

A NEW EXCITEMENT IN PROSPECT—BURNING THE DEAD.—An eminent New York physician has, according to the Buffalo Republic, written an elaborate work in favor of the practice of burning the dead, which is to be published after his own death.

By his will, he directs his mortal remains to be kept for five days in a warm room; the thorax then *to be* opened, and the heart extracted, which *is* to be embalmed and enclosed in a thick vellum bag, strongly impregnated with asphaltum; the remainder of his body is then to be publicly burned on a pyre of sassafras or sandal wood, in one of the public cemeteries, the ashes carefully gathered and deposited with the embalmed heart in a bronze urn. Five copies of the leading daily city papers, containing an account of the whole proceedings, are likewise directed to be deposited in the urn, which is then to be hermetically sealed, and taken to the New York Museum.

In the midst of the excitement created by these proceedings, the work is to be published. For its circulation $10,000 are appropriated, $10 000 more for distribution among the city officials and leading politicians of all parties, who are to receive from $25 to $100 each for assisting in the ceremony; and $10,000 more for the editorial fraternity, to be divided *pro rata* according to their influence.

Should anything occur to prevent the due execution of the will, the bulk of his property is to be at once transferred to a charitable institution in Philadelphia.

The Republic has these facts from the attorney who drew up the will. He estimates the property at $200,000.

BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT YOUR HEAD.—An accident which, though comic enough, might easily have had a tragical ending, occurred the other day at Madame Tussaud's exhibition in London. A medical student, examining the guillotine in the Chamber of Horrors, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place, would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled. His curiosity on this point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind, that the sharp axe which was suspended over his neck, could not be very firmly fixed, or it would not fall (as it does) with a touch. He was afraid to struggle, lest the shaking should bring it down, and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking. Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he suppliantly implored to release him. "I'm thinking," said the gentleman (a Scotch visitor of the metropolis) to his wife; "I'm thinking he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere." So the luckless student was left till M. Tussaud came in, and made fast the axe before releasing him. The axe has been removed and laid by the side to prevent future accidents.

STRANGE SELF MUTILATION.—A German, named Actenburg, a strolling musician of the village of Thiscrup, Jutland, left home on the 18th ult., with his wife and daughter, to play at a wedding party at the neighboring town of Holt, leaving behind three boys, aged respectively thirteen, eleven, and nine. The children who had great repugnance to go to school, deliberated among themselves as to the best means of freeing themselves from that disagreeable duty, and at last they resolved to cut out their tongues! The boy of eleven took out a large table-knife, and, placing himself before a looking-glass, resolutely made a profound incision in his tongue! Not being able to terminate the mutilation, he begged his elder brother to do it for him, and the latter, taking hold of the tongue with a piece of linen between his fingers, pulled the tongue forward, and cut off a piece an inch long! Blood flowed in abundance, and the children becoming greatly terrified, uttered piercing cries. The neighbors rushed in, and, seeing what had taken place, procured medical assistance; but, though everything was done for the child that art could suggest, his life is considered in danger.

THE WANDERING JEW IN NEW YORK.—A sensation was created in William street, on Tuesday morning, Jan. 27th, by the appearance of a man on the pave with a long floating beard, and dressed in loose pantaloons, with a turban on his head. He carried in his hand [illegible] a little manuscript Hebrew [illegible] book, of which he read to the crowd that gathered around him. He represented himself as the veritable Wandering Jew. Nobody knows who he is, or where he came from. A learned Jewish Rabbi was sent for to converse with him which he did in the Hebrew language, and the stranger was found to be perfect in his knowledge of that most difficult tongue. The Rabbi tested him in Arabic, in Phenician, and in the Sanscrit, but soon found that the aged stranger far surpassed him in intimacy with them all. The Rabbi invited him to his house; but, said the stranger, "nay. I cannot stop. The Crucified One of Calvary has pronounced the edict, and I may not rest. I must move on—ever on!" He was last seen on Thursday, but to where he has departed no one can tell.

NEGATIVE ARTESIAN WELLS.—The London Society of Arts have published Herr Bruckman's paper on "Negative Artesian Wells"—that is, wells which take, instead of giving out, water. Such wells serve as permanent drains; they are sunk, in loose strata, or where communication exists with fathomless fissures or deep-lying streams. Herr Bruckman, who is a native of Wurtemberg, states that they may be established in the so-called normal or sediment formations, deluvium, tertiary deposits, chalk, Jurassic rocks, and others. And he brings forward examples of the benefits that have followed the sinking of negative wells in towns or in swampy country districts. The drainage become at once perfect and constant; fluid matters of all kinds find their way to the mouth, and flow away, while solid matters may be stopped and used for various purposes.

INDIANA.—On the 5th, the Democratic members of the Legislature, met in "Joint Convention," and elected Jesse D. Bright and Graham N. Fitch to the U. S. Senate. The Republicans have a majority in the Senate, and that body refused to go into an election. The "Joint Convention" was attended by 28 Senators out of 50, and by 62 Representatives out of 132. The Senate by 7 majority, denounced the Joint Convention as illegal and unauthorized by them, and protested against the U. S. Senate swearing in the Senators alleged to have been elected. While the Democrats and the Lieutenant-Governor were leaving the Senate Chamber, the Republicans called one of their own number to the Chair, and took from the table the contested election case of Mr. Woods, a Democratic Senator, and in the absence of the Democratic Senators, declared his seat vacant, and immediately after adjourned.

A WINTER WITHOUT ITS EQUAL.—The severity of the present winter, and the large amount of snow that has fallen, has induced many to think that it is without a parallel. We read in Drake's History of Boston, the following allusion to the winter of 1701:

"The winter which had now commenced 'was the severest that ever was in the memory of man.' From the middle of January to the 1st or 2nd of March, it held cold, with very little or no intermission. All the bay was frozen over quite out to sea; so that it was common to go horse and man over all the ferries for two months together. The main channel in Boston harbor did not open till the first of March. It snowed that year between twenty and thirty times. Sleighs and loaded sleds passed a great part of the time upon the ice from Boston as far as Nantasket."

FRAUDS OF FLOUR DEALERS.—A correspondent of the Boston (Mass.) Herald says: "A few days since I bought a barrel of flour, and to satisfy myself that it weighed 196 pounds, I thought I would weigh it, and it fell short 25 lbs. Last fall I bought a barrel of flour, and in the middle of the barrel I found a paving stone weighing 15½ lbs."

LIBERIA.—The message of President Benson, to the Legislature of Liberia, was delivered December 6th. The receipts of the Government for the year, amounted to $42,644, and the disbursements to $59,349. The message contains the following paragraph, with reference to the growth of cotton in that country:

"It is an unquestionable fact that our interior tribes manufacture hundreds of thousands of domestic cloths annually, which must consume several million pounds of raw cotton; thousands of these cloths, through much difficulty, find their way down to the seaboard annually; but if the communication was kept open, and they could be assured of a safe transit, and were encouraged by discreet and influential agents to increased cultivation of that useful article, in a very few years millions of pounds would be brought down annually and exported, as also would other valuable commodities find their way down. Gentlemen, you will, perhaps, pardon me for being so sanguine and apparently enthusiastic on this subject, when I inform you that I can well remember when not a thousand gallons of palm oil were to be bought annually on the entire line of coast (400 miles) between Shebar and Cape Palmas, but by encouragement it has long since increased to an annual exportation of a million of gallons. Equally rapid has been the increase of the ground-nut trade by encouragement, within a few years, at Sierra Leone; and it is well known that the natives of the interior are more industrious, ingenious, intelligent and friendly than the seaboard tribes."

THE DALLAS TREATY WITH ENGLAND.—The Senate, after an earnest debate, has recommitted this treaty, by a large majority, to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, with the ultimate hope of procuring such alterations as might make it acceptable to the majority of the Chamber. No such result, however, is expected, and the arrangement is considered defeated. Apprehensions are expressed in some quarters, that its rejection may lead to embarrassments in our relations with England, but without sufficient practical warrant. Mr. Mason, Chairman of the Foreign Relations, explained, in an elaborate speech, all the supposed advantages of this arrangement, and answered the objections which had been previously urged, with as much ability and ingenuity as the case would allow. Still, the obstacles were not removed, and the arrangement was assailed on various grounds. First, that the protectorate of England over the Mosquitoes was more strongly recognized than under the Clayton-Bulwer Convention. Second, that the political jurisdiction of Honduras over Ruatan was barely nominal, because the British subjects in possession were protected in all their existing rights and privileges, and against any interference from Honduras; and, lastly, because after renouncing this supervisory power over the islands, Honduras had, in her treaty with Great Britain, gratuitously provided against the introduction or existence of slavery. These points, and others were urged with more or less effect.

MILD GUNPOWDER.—The Boston Post tells a pleasant anecdote of Mr. G——, who, a good many years ago, was a retail merchant in a populous town in Vermont. He was famous as "the very pink of politeness," and was indeed an expert salesman. If he had not got the article that might happen to be called for, he was sure to name something that was sufficiently like it to answer the purpose. Thus when a customer inquired for "winter-strained oil," the merchant told him he hadn't got that kind exactly—but he had some that was "strained *very late in the fall!*" Disparage one article as you might, he was sure to find something to praise in it—if his tea was not strong, it was well flavored, &c., &c. On one occasion a customer having called for a sample of gunpowder, rubbed it in his hand to ascertain the proportion of charcoal, and then observed that it lacked strength. "I know," answered the impertinable tradesman—falling into his old tea formula—"I know the powder is not so strong as some, but you'll find it *very mild and agreeable!*"

A NOBLE DEED.—Some months since, a poor German neighbor of Gerrit Smith was charged with murder. A singular combination of unfavorable circumstances induced a general belief that he was guilty, and the public excitement *against him was very strong.* Mr. Smith visited the suspected man in the jail, and became convinced that he was innocent. In the face of a hostile public sentiment he volunteered his services as counsel for the German, spent nearly a thousand dollars from his own purse in collecting evidence, and argued his case before the jury. By his untiring exertions the very dark cloud of unfavorable circumstances was cleared up, and the innocence of his client made manifest, not only to the court and jury, but to the public. Mr. Smith, with characteristic beneficence, crowned his magnanimity by giving the poor German a small farm and five hundred dollars in money. Nobleness like this is its own praise and its own reward. We wish that it was less rare.

HORRIBLE CASE OF PUNNING.—*The Perpetrator Still at Large.*—"Charley," said old Mr. Roundy to his partner, as he entered the warm counting-room of the firm, on ——— wharf, yesterday morning, "cutting out, this steamer America reminds me of the time they cut out the Britannia in '44, and of a capital pun I made about it;" and the "senior" chuckled and rubbed his hands before the fire. "Well, sir, what was it?" said his junior. "Why, I asked 'em why the Britannia should have had her name changed before she was cut out? and the reason is obvious. Because she was *blocked* in (block tin)." There was a pause, during which the offender quietly walked out. He has hitherto been considered one of our "first merchants."—*Boston Journal.*

OLE BULL BROKEN DOWN.—A private letter, written from this city by a lady, has the following in reference to Ole Bull: "Coming up Broadway, a few days ago, I met Ole Bull, looking so pale and altered that I scarcely knew him. He has been lying ill for three months at a little town on the Illinois River, and had recently arrived here, where his first greeting was to be arrested at the suit of a very doubtful claimant. He and his son, a very fine boy, dined with us the next day after I met him, and we heard more of his recent history. Poor fellow! he says he has lost, in our 'free country,' all that he valued—his health, his money and his good name—and he is content, now, to seek refuge again at home in Norway."

TO KEEP THE FEET WARM IN RAILROAD CARS.—Bayard Taylor in a late letter to the N. Y. Tribune, says:—We left Berlin on the 20th, and came directly hither, a distance of 180 miles, by railroad. I noticed in the cars a new contrivance for warming the feet, which in our case was wholly successful. Long, flat boxes of tin or zinc, covered with carpeting and filled with hot sand, are placed upon the floor, between the seats, so that the passengers on both sides can make use of them. These boxes were mildly warm when we started, and not quite cold when we arrived at Hamburg, eight hours afterward.

THE SUGAR CROP OF JAMAICA.—The Kingston (Jamaica) Standard, of 1st January, in an article on the condition and prospects of the island, states that:—"The year 1856 will be noted in the statistical records of the island as being that wherein the smallest sugar crop was ever manufactured since the island formed a dependency of the British crown. But for the adventitious rise in the price of produce, it is not too much to say that the year just expired would have witnessed the extinction of one-third part of the estates in actual cultivation at the close of 1855."

SLAVE EXEMPTION IN MISSISSIPPI.—We learn from the Mississippian that the Senate of Mississippi, on the 9th ultimo, after a long and interesting discussion, adopted, by a vote of 20 to 5, the following amendment offered by Mr. Eliet to the Court bill, exempting a portion of slave property from sale under execution: Exempting "one slave, to be selected by the debtor, if he have more than one; and should such debtor select to retain a female slave, then all the children of such female, under the age of twenty years, shall likewise be exempted."

HAD 'EM AT LAST.—A young man from the "rural districts" went to the post office the other day, with a bank note, for a dollar's worth of postage stamps. He was told that paper money was not received. He went away, and shortly returned with four Spanish quarters.—"We don't receive *them* now," said the attendant, "for more than twenty cents apiece."—The countryman thought Uncle Sam was mighty particular, so he went away again and obtained a dollar in coppers. "Now," said he, on returning to the office, and laying down his "pile" at the window of the delivery, "I guess I can suit ye." The man inside looked at the display of "specie currency," and coolly said, "We never take more than three cents in coppers at any one time—it is not legal tender above that sum."

The countryman looked at the composed official for the space of a minute and a half without stirring; and then he belched out, "Look here you; ain't you almighty kind of particular, for fellers locked up in such a jail as this 'ere? You don't take only three cents in coppers at a time, hey? Well then, s'pose you give me *three* cents worth of stamps, anyhow." The official very politely cut him off a single stamp, and passed it out, for which the countryman laid down three cents. He was about to pass away, when the latter cried out, "Look here, you! Hold on! That 'ere's *one* time.—No s'pose you gin' me three cents worth more on 'em."

Uncle Sam's clerk was not slow in discovering that he had caught a tartar. He turned back to the window. "How many coppers have you got?" he asked, "Wall, only about ninety-seven of 'em; I had a hundred on 'em when I begun." "Pass 'em in," was the gruff reply. "Pass out your stamps fust and then I will," said Jonathan, "but I reckon you don't ketch me agin." The stamps were passed out, the coppers were handed over, when the countryman went off saying, "I 'spose because a feller holds office under Uncle Sam he thinks he's smarter'n all creation; but I guess they larnt somethin' that time."—*Lowell News.*

☞ A few days since, a young lady went into a draper's shop and asked for a "pair of those articles which fasten above the knee." The shopman smiled, and served her with a pair of *garters.*

☞ A CUNNING FOX.—In Ireland a sharp fellow is said to be "as cute as Power's fox, the fox of Ballybotherem, which used to read the newspapers every morning to find out where the hounds were to meet."

☞ A DISCONSOLATE HOUSE.—A man being asked by his neighbor how his wife did, made this answer:—"Indeed, neighbor, this case is pitiful: my wife fears that she will die, and I fear she will not—which makes a disconsolate house."

☞ PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.—Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant, in an action-at law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

HANDSOME PRESENT.—Rev. C. M. McKenney, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Jackson, Tenn., was presented, last week, with a handsome family carriage and a sum of money to build a carriage-house, by his parishioners, as a testimony of their regard.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 29 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA, February 9, 1857.

	par to	dis
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Solvent bks	par	½ dis
Relief notes		½ dis
Lancaster bank		40 dis
Erie City bk		50 dis
NEW JERSEY.		
Solvent bks	par	½ dis
Morch bk Br'dgton		15 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton		15 dis
DELAWARE.		
Solvent bks		par
Under 5's		½ dis
MARYLAND.		
Valley bk Hagerstown		no sale
Solvent bks	par	to ½ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co		1 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		
Exchange bk		20 dis
Solv bks		½ dis
NEW YORK.		
Solv bks	par	to ½ dis
8th Avenue bk		3 dis
Knickerbocker bk		14 dis
Far bk Onondaga		25 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego		30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo		30 dis
Empire City bk		½ dis
Central bk		1½ dis
MAINE.		
Solv bks		½ dis
Bk of Hallowell		3 dis
Ellsworth bk		60 dis
Maritime bk Bangor		10 dis
Canton bk South China		no sale
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
Solv bks		½ dis
VERMONT.		
Solv bks		½ dis
South Royalton bk		2 dis
CONNECTICUT.		
Solv bks		½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Solv bks		½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		
Solv bks		½ dis
Bk Republ Providence		15 dis
CANADA.		
Solv bks		2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		
Solv bks		1½ dis
Small notes		2½ dis
VIRGINIA.		
Solv bks		½ dis
Bk of Kanawha		10 dis
Corp'n Alexandria		2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA		
Solv bks		4 dis
GEORGIA.		
Bk Columbus		no sale
Bk of Middle G'rgia		no sale
Man Bk Columbus		no sale
Solv bks		1 dis
New bks		2 to 5 dis
Merchants' & Planters' bk, Savannah		no sale
ALABAMA.		
Bk of Mobile		1 dis
Other solv bks		5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.		
All bks		uncertain
LOUISIANA.		
Solv bks		1 dis
OHIO.		
Solvent bks		1 dis
Bk of Circleville		35 dis
Canal bk Cleveland		8 dis
KENTUCKY.		
Solv bks		1 dis
INDIANA.		
State bk		1 dis
Shawnee bk, Alton		no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette		"
ILLINOIS.		
Peoples bk, Carmi		50 dis
Rushville bk, Rushville		30 dis
Prairie State bk		30 dis
Danville bk		30 dis
Solvent bks		2 to 5 dis
MISSOURI.		
Solv bks		1 dis
TENNESSEE.		
Bk of East Tenn		no sale
Bk of West Tenn		no sale
River Bank		no sale
Solv bks		2 dis
Small notes		21 dis
MICHIGAN.		
Solv bks		2 dis
ARKANSAS.		
All bks		no sale
WISCONSIN.		
Solv bks		2 dis
TEXAS.		
Com & Agricultural bk Galveston		20 dis

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, FEB. 9.

The receipts of Beef Cattle continue large, about 1,200 head in all having been offered at the different Yards this week and prices have ruled a little easier, the market closing dull and in favor of the buyers. Some 250 being left over unsold. Annexed are the principal sales at the Bull's Head:

80	Penns Cattle,	by Alexander & Co.,	@5 all
25	"	by J. West,	5¼all
40	"	by Underwood & Co.,	5¼all
62	"	by Scott & Kimball,	5¼a5¾
65	"	by P. Hathaway,	6¼all
25	"	by R. Neely,	6 all
77	Virgi'a Cat.,	by B. Saldomridge,	5¾all
60	"	by J. Hastable,	5 all
62	"	by H. Baldwin,	6¼all

At the Avenue Drove Yard the sales were as follows:

55	Penns Cattle,	by A. Hitchcough,	5 all
40	"	by Isaac Abrams,	5¼all
35	"	by D Hackman,	5¼all
40	"	by Cooper & Trenner	5¼all
23	"	by N. Carr,	5 all

About 330 Cows and Calves were offered, chiefly at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue, and met slow sale at from $25 to 30 for fresh Cows, $25 to 35 for Springers, and $ 3 to 30 for dry Cows.

The arrivals of Hogs at Singer's Yard were 3000 for the week, all of which were disposed of at from $9 to 9,50 the 100 lbs.

Of Sheep and Lambs the receipts were about 8000. The following were the principal sales:—1000 by Geo Hesser, 300 by Thos Alcorn, 400 by Chris Grube, 1000 by W Myers, 300 by J Jarvy, 400 by Chris Gross, 800 by Wm McClure, 500 by Jas Frost, 700 by Mr. Chambers; prices ranging as from $2,37 to 4,50 each, according to condition.

BALTIMORE MARKET, FEB. 9.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market was exceedingly quiet. The advices by the Baltic have had a depressing influence on the market. Sales of 100 bbls Howard street super at $6,12½, a decline of 12½@ 25c per bbl on previous quotations. Howard street and Ohio super were offered freely at same. Howard street and Ohio super were offered freely at $6,25, but there are no buyers at the quotation. No sales to note in City Mills super, the millers are still asking $6,50, but no buyers for immediate delivery on the market. No sales of Howard street and Ohio extra. We still quote Howard street extra at $6,87½@7, and Ohio do, at $6,75@6,75; do family at $8@8,25; Baltimore extra at $7,25, family do at $8,75 @ bbl. No sales of Rye Flour or Corn Meal. We quote Rye Flour at $4 @ bbl. Corn Meal—City at $3,37½, and Country $3 @ bbl, and dull.

GRAIN AND SEEDS—The offerings of Grain were light. Wheat—About 2200 bus offered, and sales of 900 bus good to prime white at $1,36@1,37, and 600 bus fair to good red at $1,30@1,34. Choice whites, if here, would bring $1,40@1,42 @ bus. Corn—About 2200 bus offered, sales of about 2000 bus yellow at 62@63c. We quote white Corn at 62@63c @ bus, and in demand. Rye—About 200 bus Pennsylvania Rye offered, and all sold at 78c. We quote Maryland and Virginia Rye nominally at 72@75c @ bus. Oats—About 1000 bus offered, and sales at 46@47c @ bus. Seeds—A brisk demand for Seeds. Sales of 65 bus prime Clover seed at $7,50, and 26 bus Timothy at $3,50. Also, sales of 200 prime Clover seed at $7,62½. Some holders, however, are demanding $7,75 for strictly prime. We quote Timothy seed at $3,25@3,75. Flaxseed at $1,60@1,65 @ bus.

WHISKEY—A brisk demand, but transactions very limited. Sales to-day of only 50 bbls Ohio at 28c. We quote city distilled Whiskey nominally at 26½@27c @ gallon.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET, FEB. 5.

Fat Beef Cattle prices fell off to-day fully 25c. per 100 lbs. There were 500 head offered at the scales, 75 of which were driven to Philadelphia, 25 were left over unsold, and the balance (450 head) were sold to Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $4 to $5,37½ on the hoof, equal to $8@10,50 net, and averaging $4,75 gross. The market was rather heavy.

HOGS—Live Hogs continue scarce and prices have again improved. Sales were made to day at from $9,50 to $9,75 per 100 lbs.

SHEEP—Sheep are firmer. There was a moderate supply to-day at the scales, and most of them were sold at from $4 to $5,50 per 100 lbs. A lot of extra quality brought $6 per 100 lbs.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
February 9, 1857.

The market has been rather more active this week, the late mild weather, with the prospect of an early opening of the navigation having induced a mild cheerful feeling generally. Bank is wanted, but a figure below the views of holders. Breadstuffs of all descriptions have been inactive, and prices have fallen off. The supplies, however have been quite light. Candles sell slowly at former quotations. Coal is unchanged. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses, continue to command full rates, but the want of supplies has materially restricted operations. Cotton has been quiet, but prices are firmly maintained. Fish are getting scarce, and Mackerel and Codfish command rather better prices. Nothing doing in Hemp or Hides. Hops are very dull. The Iron market is very firm, with a good inquiry for future delivery. No change in Lumber. Naval Stores and Oils have been very quiet. Provisions come forward slowly, and command full prices. Rice is in steady demand. In Seeds there has been more doing, and for Clover better prices have been realized. Teas continue to have an upward tendency. Tobacco and Wool very firm. In Dry Goods, Hardware, and Boots and Shoes there has been a good business doing at fully former quotations.

BREADSTUFFS—The dullness which has been the prevailing feature in the Flour market for the past three weeks, still continues, and notwithstanding the light supplies, prices have fallen off 12½@ bbl. The sales for export only comprise 2000 bbls standard and good brands at $6,25@6,37½ @ bbl and some strapped at $6,12½, and half bbls at $3,18. The sales for the supply of the city bakers and bakers at $6,37½@6,50 for common and better brands; $6,62@6,87½ for extra, and $7@ 8,25 for extra family and fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are excessively dull. The former is nominally held at $4,25, and the latter at $3 @ bbl.

There is a steady demand for Wheat for milling, but the receipts have been quite small. Sales of 12,000 bushels fair and prime Pennsylvania red at 94@96c, and 1,400 bush. and white at $1,00@1,04, all in store. The market is bare of Rye, and it is wanted—2000 bushels sold at 82c. Corn has been in steady demand at the decline noted last week. Sales of 16,000 bushels at 58c for old yellow; 60@62c for new, and 63c for new white. Oats are unchanged—sales of 5000 bushels Penna and Western at 47c @ bush.

PROVISIONS—The market has been exceedingly quiet. The limited supplies of all descriptions coming forward, and advancing tendency of prices throughout the West, have caused increased firmness, but there has not been much doing. Small sales of Thin and Heavy Mess Pork at $21 @ bbl, and Prime at $18 short time. City packed Mess Beef sells only in a small way for ship stores at quotations. Bacon—There has been very little doing, and but little stock offering. Sales 150 casks Hams at 12a13c @ lb, 60 days, for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10a11c for old and new; and Shoulders in lots at 9¼@9½c @ lb, 60 days. There is a fair demand for Green Meats, but the market is nearly bare. 40 hhds dry salted Shoulders sold at 9c, 60 days, and 100 tierces pickled Hams at 10¼a11c, on time. Lard—Prices continue quite firm, and there is very little offering. Small sales of bbls at 12a12½c, and kegs at 12½a13c @ lb, on time. Butter—There is a fair inquiry for Roll at 18a22c, and solid packed at 16c.

GROCERIES—There is very little Coffee here to operate in, and the market has been very quiet. Sales of 800 bags Rio at 10¼a11c, and Java 14¼a15c @ lb, on time, for fair and good quality. Two cargoes of the former have arrived at the Breakwater. By auction 1000 bags common Rio sold at 9a10c, 4 mos.

The market is bare of Molasses in first hands, and it is wanted.

The market for Sugar continues very firm, but there has been very little doing in consequence of the want of stock to operate in. Sales of 150 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 9¼a10c per lb, on time.

METALS—There is a fair demand for Pig Iron for future delivery, but the views of holders are generally above those of buyers. Sales of 3000 tons No 1 at $26; 500 tons No 2 at $25, and 800 tons Scotch at $30 @ ton. Sales of 300 tons Rolled Iron at $27 per ton, 6 months, for No 1; $25 for No 2, and 24 for No 3. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Bloomsburg are held with increased firmness. There is a fair business doing in Bar and Boiler Iron at former rates.

Lead is held firmly, but no further sales have come under our notice.

BARK—There has been little or nothing doing in Quercitron, the limited stock on hand being held above the views of buyers.

BEESWAX—But little offering, and holders now demand 22c per lb cash, for good yellow.

CANDLES—Remain quiet, and the sales have been only in small lots at 12c @ lb, 4 months, for City manufactured Adamantine, and 11c for Sperm.

COAL—The market is at a stand. There is no demand for shipment, and no movement can be anticipated until the Delaware becomes so cleared of ice as to allow the free arrival and departure of vessels. There is a steady inquiry for home consumption, without change in prices.

COTTON—There has been more arriving. The demand has been quite limited within a day, but the want of stock has kept up. Sales of 700 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 13¼@c @ lb, on time, for low middling and middling fair.

DRUGS AND DYES—But little doing, and no essential change to notice in prices. The stock of Soda Ash is very much reduced, in consequence of absence of supplies. Sales in lots at 2½@3c, 6 mos. Castor Oil is advancing. Sales at 81 @5. Cutch commands 15c, and Borax 23c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—Continue scarce; about 30.0 lbs good Western sold at 38@39c @ lb, short time.

FISH—The stock of Mackerel is now very much reduced, and we slightly advance our quotations. The demand, however, is confined to retail lots at $2 for medium No 1's; $9 for No 2's, and $7 for No 3's. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged.

FRUIT—But little doing in consequence of the want of stock. Three cargoes of Sicily Oranges and Lemons are at the Breakwater. Dried Fruit is scarce. A sale of Apples was made at 3c @ lb, cash. Dried Peaches are unchanged. Cranberries continue to range from $14 to $15 @ barrel.

GINSENG—Little or none offering, and prices are nominal for both Crude and Clarified.

GUANO—The sales have been unimportant, and quotations are the same.

HEMP—Continues exceedingly quiet, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last notice. They are wanted.

IRON—The demand continues limited. Small sales of new Eastern at 5a5½c, and old at 4a6c @ lb.

LEATHER—The stock is exceedingly small, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

LUMBER—Prices are steady, but the sales have been unimportant.

NAVAL STORES—The stocks of all descriptions—in the absence of supplies—are becoming reduced. Small sales of Rosin, Tar and Pitch at our last quotations. Spirits of Turpentine is held with more firmness, and there is a steady inquiry. Sales of 200 barrels at 54a56c, cash and 4 months.

OILS—Holders of Red Oil have put up their prices at 72c cash. There is a limited demand for Fish Oils at our quotations. A small sale of Winter Lard Oil at $2,05, 4 mos. Linseed Oil continues to have an upward tendency.

PLASTER—There is none arriving, and no sales have been reported.

RICE—The demand has been limited, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales in lots at 4¼a4¾c @ lb, 4 mos.

SALT—No change. 2500 sacks Ashton's Fine sold on private terms.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Cloverseed, and 1300 bus sold at $7,25@7,50 @ 64 lbs, which is a further advance. Timothy commands $3,50@3,75, and Flaxseed $1,60 @ bushel.

SPICES—The only sale reported is a lot of Nutmegs at 82c @ lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—No change in the prices of Brandy and Gin—N E Rum is very scarce, and commands 31a32c. Whiskey has declined but moved with a little more firmness. Sales of bbls at 28a28½c; hhds at 25a25½c, and drudge at 24c.

TALLOW—But little offering. Small sales of city rendered at 11c @ lb, cash.

TEAS—Have been in good demand, and prices are advancing—being now fully 10 to 15 per cent above the rates current last week.

TOBACCO—Prices are very firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and there is a steady consumptive demand. 150 cases Penna seed leaf sold at full rates.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—There has been a fair demand, and with a small stock, which is steadily becoming still further reduced, prices continue to look up. About 60,000 lbs were disposed of at 40@55c @ lb, 6 mos, for pulled and fleece.

NEW YORK MARKET, FEB. 9.

ASHES—There is a fair demand for Pots for export to the Continent, whose are scarce and firmer. Sales of 30 bbls at $7,37½@7,50. Pearls are in limited request at $7,75@7,62½.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal Flour is less active, and prices are without important change. The inquiry for the continent still continues, and with light arrivals and a reduced stock most holders are firm. The better grades are only in retail request at former prices. The sales are 8500 bbls at $6,40@6,50 for common to good State; $6,60@ 6,90 for extra State; $6,90@6,45 for superfine Indiana and Illinois; $6,30@7 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7a8 for fair to choice extra do; $6,80@8,75 for St Louis brands, and $7,40 @8,50 for extra Genesee.

Canadian Flour is steady, but quiet; the receipts are moderate; sales of 250 bbls at $6,60@6,90 for superfine, and $7a 7,20 for extra brands. Southern Flour is freely offered and is heavy, with only a limited inquiry for the trade; the sales are 450 bbls at $7a7,20 for good superfine Baltimore, &c., and $7,25@8 for fancy and extra brands. Corn Meal is quiet; sales of 75 bbls Jersey at $3,25, delivered. Rye Flour is very quiet at $3,50@3,25.

GRAIN—Our Wheat market is heavy and unsettled; the demand is fair for Spain, but at prices below the views of holders. The sales are 5000 bush choice red Michigan at $1,31. Rye is steady, and is quiet; sales of 1000 bush Jersey at 93c; Northern is held at 92a93c. Barley is firmly held at $1,25a 1,32; prime is scarce. Barley Malt is steady at $1,43@1,45. Oats are in fair request at 50a52c for State, and 53a54c for Western. Corn is quite firmly held and is in fair request, mainly for export; the sales are 41,000 bushels at 70a72c for Western mixed; other kinds are quiet and nominal.

OILS—For Linseed the demand is moderate, but prices are very firm. Sales 6am gals American at 69a70c. Crude and refined Whale are inactive at 70a75c, for former, and 80c for latter, 4 months, for the latter. Crude Sperm is held with increased firmness, but we cannot hear of any further transactions; the last sale was at $1,50 @ gal. Lard Oil is in moderate request, and is steady at $1a1,05, cash and 4 mos, for prime Western. Olive is in fair request at the improvement. Sales of 500 pkgs at $2,5 a2,50 for quarts and pints. Palm is in good demand. Sales of 250,000 lbs partly to arrive at 6c 6 mos. Red Oil firm at 65c cash, for Western Winter. Camphene is selling at 95c, cash.

WHISKEY—The market is quiet and heavy with few arrivals; sales of 200 bbls at 26c.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is dull and lower, the receipts are moderate; sales of 600 bbls at $20,25@20,37½ for old mess; $21@21,50 for new do; $17,75@18 for prime, and $22 for city prime mess. Beef is in moderate request, but is firmly held with limited receipts; sales of 250 bbls at $11,50@ 10,50 for prime; $10,75@13 for new country mess; $ 5,50 for repacked Cleveland, &c., and $16,50 for extra do. Prime mess is held at $12a13. Beef Hams are firm but unsettled at $18@22. Bacon is quite firm, with little offering at 9½a10c. Cut Meats are in small stock and firmly held; sales of 50 hhds and tierces at 8½@8,9-10 for Shoulders and 10¼a10½c for Hams. Lard is buoyant, the demand good, and stock reduced; sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 13½c, mainly to arrive. Dressed Hogs are lower and dull at 9¼a9½c. Butter is in fair request at 16a22c for Ohio, and 20a25 for State. Cheese is available at 11a12c. Eggs are in request at 22c @ doz for fresh State.

HOPS—Holders are firm, with a fair demand for brewing purposes; sales of 50 bales at 7a8c for common to choice Eastern and Western.

COFFEE—Rio has been more active, two invoices, comprising 2000 bags, sold at 10¼a10½c; also, 250 bags Maracaibo at 12c. The stock is about 35,000 bags Rio.

SUGARS continue buoyant, and to a fair degree active; sales of 300 hhds grocery sugar at 8½c; 220 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 8¼@8½c, and 150 boxes Havana at 10½c.

MOLASSES—Has been quiet; we have not heard of any important sales.

LEATHER—The market is rather quiet; prices continue very firm. The assortments are incomplete.

HAY—The demand is fair and the arrivals liberal; sales of 250 bales at 85c @ 1 per 100 lbs.

TALLOW—Holders are quite firm and in fair request; sales of 15,000 lbs. at 12c. cash.

TEAS—Under the Chusan news per Africa, the recent advances demanded by holders have been freely met by buyers, and the sales to-day, both for common to fine descriptions, became more unsettled, and closed buoyantly, with an active demand for nearly all descriptions.

HIDES are firm; buyers only come forward as necessitated by urgent wants.

SPICES—Cassia is exoited; some is to be had under 40c. Sales of 100 bags Race Ginger at 5½ cts.

FRE

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On February 2nd, on motion of Mr. Bigler, a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a Joint committee to ascertain and report a mode of examining the votes for President and Vice President, and notifying the persons elected of their election.

Messrs. Bigler, Benjamin and Foot, were appointed on the part of the Senate, and the House having concurred in the resolution, is represented by Messrs. Jones of Tennessee, Washburne of Maine, Fuller of Pa., Letcher and Bocock.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Indian Appropriation Bill, and passed it, with many amendments. Among the amendments is one securing to the New York Indians who emigrate to Kansas under the treaty of Buffalo Creek, the quantity of land to which they are entitled, to include their improvements, and the residue of the tract to constitute a part of the public domain; also, an amendment separating the office of Governors of the Territories from that of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

On Feb. 3rd, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to secure actual settlers the alternate sections of the public lands reserved in the grants made to the States for Railroads. It provides that actual settlers shall take the reserved sections, being about eleven millions of acres, at $1.25 per acre, in compliance with the Pre-emption Act of 41.

On Feb. 4th, Mr. Allen presented the credentials of Hon. F. Simons, recently elected a U. S. Senator by the Legislature of Rhode Island.

Mr. Weller, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported in favor of printing the documents recently communicated relative to the pay of Major General Scott.

A long debate ensued upon the report.

Mr. Crittenden suggested that the time required to print such a large document, would defeat the object.

The House relative to the pay of Gen. Scott.

Mr. Weller said that the entire correspondence between the Secretary of War and Gen. Scott, in justice to both parties, ought to be printed. He regretted that a part of the correspondence was of an angry character.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, thought the personal part of the controversy ought not to be printed.

Mr. Bigler remarked that he should vote against printing the unless expurgated of its personal portions.

Mr. Toombs thought the printing of the entire correspondence was necessary to a proper understanding of the question to increase the pay of Gen. Scott.

Mr. Bell, of Tenn., wanted the whole published, that the country to decide upon it.

Mr. Bowden thought such angry correspondence should not be given to the nation. The only question that he had to consider was with reference to the legislative necessity in the case. The Secretary of War and General Scott differ as to the construction of a law. If the law is ambiguous, let Congress explain and fix the pay and emoluments of Gen. Scott as they think just and proper. He trusted that the motion would not be made.

Mr. Bell wanted the entire correspondence published.

Mr. Toombs opposed the printing of such portions as were of a personal character, as having an injurious tendency. He could not consent to publish anything calculated to impair the character of either of these distinguished patriotic men.

Messrs. Mallard, Benjamin, Weller and Bigler favored printing the whole. Mr. Toombs was opposed to the publication of the personal parts.

The motion to print was agreed to.

Mr. Bigler, from the Joint Committee to count the votes for President and Vice President, reported a resolution that both Houses assemble in the House of Representatives on Wednesday next, at 12 o'clock; that the President of the Senate shall be the presiding officer; that two tellers be appointed teller on the part of the Senate, and two on the part of the House, to make a list of the votes as they shall be declared; the President of the Senate shall announce the state of the vote, and the persons having the highest number of votes for President and Vice President of the United States, and together with a declaration of persons elected President and Vice President of the United States, be entered on the journals of the two Houses.

The resolution was adopted, and Mr. Bigler appointed teller on the part of the Senate.

Mr. Toombs briefly explained the bill offered by him to secure to actual settlers the alternate sections of public lands reserved in the grants to the railroad purposes. He said that at the last Congress granted twenty-one millions of acres to a few States, the reserved sections, amounting to twenty-eight millions, will come into the market very soon, and will be seized upon by the land speculators, to the disparagement of the people of the new States, and emigrants from the older States. His bill proposed to withhold these alternate sections from sale, and allow actual settlers alone to take up lots of one hundred and sixty acres each, at $2.50 per acre. If it becomes a law, these lands will be prevented from passing into the hands of non-resident speculators, to the permanent injury of the new States and the actual cultivators of the soil.

On Feb. 5th, the Senate took up and agreed to all the amendments of the House to the bill relating to foreign coins, and the coinage of cents, and also added an amendment.

The Senate took up and passed the House bills, confirming the entries of land under the graduation act, and extending the time for selling the lands granted to the Kentucky Asylum for the education of the Deaf and Dumb.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1856 was received in both Houses.

Feb 6th, on motion of Mr. Wilson, a resolution was adopted, directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to expend such sums as he may deem necessary, not exceeding $50,000, for the further exploration of the La Plata and its tributaries.

Mr. Fish, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported back a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to pay the officers and seamen engaged in the late expedition in search of Dr. Kane the same rate of pay as is allowed the officers and seamen on the expedition of Lieut. De Haven.

The Senate passed the bill from the House for the relief of Mary Reeside, and receded from its former amendment against the allowance of interest.

On Feb. 7th, on motion of Mr. Rusk, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to report a statement of the duties remitted on railroad iron, designated the time of remission, and on wagon roads; also, the amount of duties refunded, with like designations.

Mr. Bigler presented nineteen memorials from merchants and others, of Philadelphia, praying for the adoption of measures for increasing the trade between the United States and Africa.

Mr. Toombs presented three memorials from the same State on the same subject, all of which were referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Toombs presented a memorial from Gen. Shields and other citizens of Minnesota, setting forth that, although that territory contains about 200,000 inhabitants, it has hitherto received no grant of lands in comformity of the Government to grant lands to the new States, for railroad purposes, and setting forth that, three years ago, Congress granted lands for railroads, but in consequence of unavoidable interference of persons whose claims were not identified with the Territory, that was subsequently repealed. At the last session a petition was addressed to Congress for aid, but the delay and partisan interference of influences foreign to the good of the Territory, prevented action on the application, while many other States were made the recipients of the bounty of the Government. At the present session, Minnesota again presented her claims. The House Committee on Public Lands were favorable to a bill for her benefit, the cry of "fraud" was raised against the measure. Without wishing to impugn the motives of any person, they beg leave to say that, as the citizens of Minnesota and her citizens are concerned, they are confident that a thorough investigation into each and every act, will believe that outside moneyed and speculating influences, which they had no control, have caused the necessities of Minnesota an opportunity to appeal to the liberality of Congress and the fostering care of a young and vigorous Territory, which will result in a favor of the memorial.

Several private bills were passed.

On Feb. 9th, Mr. Bright presented the credentials of Graham N. Fitch, as setting forth that he was elected a Senator by the Legislature of Indiana, and moved that the oath be administered to him.

Mr. Mallory objected against the legality of his election presented by Mr. Trumbull; were read.

Douglas thought it better that Mr. Fitch should be sworn in, and the Senate investigate the legality of the election afterwards, as had been the custom heretofore.

Trumbull replied that the custom had been both in cases where the administration of the oath was objected until the matter had been discussed.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on Feb. 2nd, Mr. Pelton, from the Committee on Commerce, reported back the bill authorizing the President to procure a suitable steam revenue cutter, and appropriating $150,000 for that purpose. The House concurred in the amendment of the Senate to the bill, striking out the original provisions, that it shall be stationed at New York, and used for the purpose of aiding vessels in distress.

The bill now awaits the action of the President.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill dividing the State of Texas into Judicial Districts.

Mr. Letcher said that the present Judge (Watrous) who is so much complained of, is, by the bill, continued in office. Where does he live?

Mr. Marshall replied—in the Eastern District.

The bill then passed.

Mr. Barbour, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a resolution that John C. Watrous, District Judge for the District of Texas, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Pending the resolution the House adjourned.

On Feb. 3rd, the House was occupied with business relating to the District of Columbia.

On Feb. 4th, Mr. Bingham, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution, which was adopted, declaring Mr. Hall legally elected a member of the House from the First Congressional District of Iowa.

A resolution, allowing Mr. Clark, the contestant, mileage and per diem, was submitted, but lies over.

The House then resumed the consideration of the joint resolution, proposing to give each branch of Congress the entire control of the contingent fund, without the supervision of the Treasury officers.

The bill passed by 77 majority.

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported favorably upon the Senate Sub Marine Telegraph Bill.

Mr. Jones of Tenn., moved to lay the bill on the table, but the motion was negatived—yeas 57, nays 120, as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Aiken, Akers, Bennett of Mississippi, Bocock, Bowie, Boyce, Carlisle, Caskie, Clingman, Cobb of Alabama, Cox, Craige, Crawford, Day, Denver, Edmondson, English, Faulkner, Garnett, Good, Greenwood, Houston, Hughston, Jones of Tennessee, Kennett, Letter, Letcher, Mace, Maxwell, McMullen, McQueen, Miller of Indiana, Millson, Nichols, Oliver of Missouri, Phelps, Porter, Powell, Purvear, Quitman, Sandidge, Shorter, Smith of Va, Sneed, Stewart, Talbott, Taylor, Thurston, Todd, Underwood, Vail, Watkins, Winslow, Wright of Mississippi, and Wright of Tennessee—57.

Nays—Messrs. Albright, Ball, Barbour, Benson, Bingham, Bishop, Bliss, Bradbury, Branch, Benton, Brown, Buffington, Burlingame, Cadwalader, Campbell of Pa. Campbell of Ky, Campbell of Ohio, Chaffee, Clark of Conn, Colfax, Comins, Covode, Cumback, Damrell, Davidson, Davis, Dean, Dick, Dickson, Dodd, Dunn, Durfee, Edwards, Eustis, Evans, Fiegler, Florence, Foster, Fuller of Pa, Fuller of Me, Galloway, Granger, Grow, Hall of Iowa, Hall of Mass, Harlan, Harrison, Haven, Herbert, Hodges, Hoffman, Holloway, Horton of New York, Horton of Ohio, Howard, Jewett, Kelly, King, Knapp, Knight, Knowlton, Knox, Kunkel, Lake, Humphrey Marshall, S S Marshall, McCarty, Miller, York, Millward, Moore, Morgan, Morrill, Morrison, Mott, Murray, Packer, Parker, Peck, Pelton, Pennington, Perry, Pettit, Pike, Pringle, Purviance, Ready, Ricaud, Robbins, Roberts, Robin, Sage, Sapp, Scott, Seward, Shermann, Simmons, Smith of Tenn, Smith of Ala, Spinner, Stanton, Stranahan, Tappan, Thorington, Trafton, Tripp, Tyson, Valk, Wade, Wakeman, Waldridge, Waldron, Washburne of Wis, Washburne of Ills, Washburne of Me, Watson, Wells, Wheeler, Whitney, Williams, Wood, Woodruff, Woodworth and Zollicoffer—123.

Absent—Messrs Allen, Allison, Barclay, Bell, Barksdale, Bennett of New York, Billinghurst, Burnett, Caruthers, Clark of New York, Clawson, Cobb of Geo, Cragin, Cullen, Davis of Maryland, Davis of Illinois, De Witt, Dowdell, Edie, Elliott, Emrie, Etheridge, Giddings, Gilbert, Harris of Maryland, Harris of Ala, Harris of Illinois, Hickman, Jones of Penn, Keitt, Kelsey, Kidwell, Lindley, Lumpkin, A K Marshall, Matteson, Norton, Oliver of New York, Orr, Paine, Pearce, Reade, Ritchie, Rivers, Robinson, Rust, Stevens, Swope, Walker, Warner and Welch—82.

The amendments of the Senate to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill, were taken up and concurred in.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the Tariff bill.

Messrs. Wright of Tennessee, Evans and A. K. Marshall, made party speeches till adjournment.

On Feb. 5th, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moved the previous question on the Senate submarine telegraph bill, but it was not sustained, forty-five only voting in the affirmative.

A debate ensued. Mr. Smith, of Virginia, thought it an unwise policy for the Government to sanction this remarkable proposition. He did not believe that the advantages would be as great to the Government as claimed, the terminal of the line being on British soil.

Mr. Seward advocated the bill, showing the advantages of the submarine telegraph, and maintained that if we can enter into postal treaties with foreign governments, and pay $800,000 annually for ocean mail steamer service, we have the same power to assist in this enterprise, at less expense.

Mr. Mace thought it was connected with the postal affairs of the country, and with a view of examining into its merits he moved that it be referred to the Post Office Committee.

Messrs. Campbell, of Ohio, and Washburne, of Maine, severally said that the success of this motion would amount to the defeat of the bill.

Mr. Mace assured them that such was not his intention.

Pending the motion the morning hour expired, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, the Tariff bill being nominally under consideration.

Mr. Clingman, in the course of a speech made on Central American and Cuban Affairs, said the Clarendon and Dallas treaty stands on a treacherous foundation, and he hoped it would never receive the sanction of this Government. He thought we had a right to expect a bold policy on this subject from the coming Administration, and not a truckling course to Great Britain, with whom there was no danger of war. He intended to introduce a resolution to this effect:

"Whereas, this House has taken occasion to express their condemnation of the re-opening of the African slave trade; they view with still greater repugnance the slave trade in white men at Coolies, under the British and Spanish flags."

If members support this declaration with unanimity, it cannot fail to tell on the civilized world, for there never was a deliberative body whose opinion was entitled to as much weight, considering the large number of persons here represented and their intelligence, wealth and independence.

Mr. Stanton said there was no question as to the necessity of a reduction of the revenue; but this was essentially a manufacturers' bill, to the detriment of the agricultural classes. Fifty-two and a half millions of pounds is the annual product of wool in this country, involving a capital of fifty millions of dollars. Should this bill become a law, that interest will be shaken down, and against this he protested and argued.

Mr. Letcher appealed to all gentlemen who desired to save the country from a commercial revulsion, compared to which that of 1837 would be unimportant, to go with him in adopting some measure which will reduce the revenue, relieving every man from the burdens unnecessarily cast upon him. In order to effect this object, he advocated a reduction of the duties on nearly all the articles enumerated in the schedules of the act of 1846. He believed, with Mr. Stanton, that the bill reported from the majority of the Committee of Ways and Means was thoroughly for the benefit of manufacturers.

The Committee then rose.

The resolution of the Senate, providing for counting the votes for President and Vice President on Wednesday next, was adopted, and Messrs. Jones, of Tennessee, and Howard, appointed tellers on the part of the House.

Evening Session.—The House, in committee, resumed the consideration of the Tariff bill.

Mr. Morrill made a speech in favor of protection.

Mr. Taylor advocated the Louisiana Sugar Interest.

Mr. Colfax argued that sugar should be free, saying that one-eighth of the revenue last year was derived from the duty on Sugar and Molasses.

On Feb. 5th, the House passed seventeen private bills.

On Feb. 7th, the House took up and passed the bill establishing the Delaware, Osage, and Western Land Districts in Kansas.

On motion of Mr. Orr a resolution was passed, giving to the widow of Mr. Brooks whatever sum may have been due at the time of his death.

The House, on motion, laid on the table the bill reported from the Committee on Public Lands, authorizing the Delaware and Pottawatamie Indians in Kansas to sell the right of way for railroads.

The bill to establish the office of Surveyor-General in Minnesota passed.

The bill appropriating $25,000 for the completion of the Capitol Building for Utah was taken up, when Mr. Dunn wished to know whether the people of that Territory were not living in violation of the laws of the United States, and in public contempt of the good morals and religion of the civilized world.

Mr. Grow said that the Committee on Territories had been governed by the estimates from the Treasury Department.

Mr. Merrill reminded the House of the fact of the passage of a resolution calling for information relative to the people of Utah, but that no response has been yet made to the inquiry, though the correspondence on that subject is on file in the department.

The bill was laid aside with the recommendation that it do not pass.

The bill for the completion of the Nebraska Capitol, Omaha, and one of similar character for New Mexico, passed, also, a bill appropriating $30,000 for roads in Nebraska.

The House perfected a bill appropriating $300,000 for the construction of a wagon road from Fort Kearney, in Nebraska, via the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, to the eastern boundary line of California, near Honey Lake; said road to connect with and form an extension of the road already authorized from Fort Ridgely to the aforesaid South Pass. $30,000 were also appropriated for the construction of a wagon road from El Paso to Fort Yuma, at the mouth of the Gila River, and $50,000 for the construction of a wagon road from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to the Colorado River.

Pending the question on the passage of the bill, the House adjourned.

On Feb. 9th, the House passed, by a vote of 119 against 48, Mr. Chapman's bill for wagon road to the Pacific.

The presiding question was, on the motion of Mr. Barbour to suspend the rules to introduce a resolution from the Judiciary Committee, declaring that John C. Watrous, U. S. District Judge for the District of Texas, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors.

The report of the Committee says that specific charges are made against Judge Watrous of corrupt combinations for the determination of suits in his Court, and of having acted with partiality and in disregard of all rules of law and the rights of litigants.

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. KANE'S HEALTH.—The Boston (Mass.) Traveller gives the following extract of a letter from Havana, dated 25th ult.: "I regret to inform you that Dr. Kane's health is very poorly, so much so that his physicians have forbidden him to receive company."

AN INTELLIGENT POPULATION.—In the town of Washington, Vt., with less than 800 voters, 449 newspapers are taken.

PRESENT FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.—Mr. John Ticknow, of Mobile, Ala., has boxed up a pair of horned owls, and sent them to her Majesty, Queen Victoria. They were taken in the woods of Baldwin county, Ala., and from their size and breeding, the doubt is expressed whether such a pair can be found in all the Zoological gardens of Europe.

HEROIC.—The Newburyport (Mass.) Herald says: "Peter Falcon, of Cohasset, during the late terrible storms, saved the lives of eleven shipwrecked seamen. Although strongly urged not to leave the shore, he fastened his life preservers upon his knees and went upon the ice upwards of a quarter of a mile to the barque New Empire and ship California, wrecked on the coast, and rescued the lives of eleven men.

A KEEN DODGE, AND A BRING-UP IN IT.—Several years ago a woman was killed at Elizabethtown, on the platform of the M. and I. Railroad. She fell, in attempting to get off while the train was in motion, and was crushed between the cars and platform. A man with her, who claimed to be her husband, received of the Railroad Company $1,000 damages for the loss of his wife. Subsequently the Railroad Company, ascertaining that the woman was not a wife, at least was not the wife of the man who recovered of them, sued this man in the courts of Kentucky, and recovered the amount of the award and interest, and, what is better, have received the amount, less the lawyer's fee.

THE first real jolly bet that has been made since that of Major Ben Perley Poore, is just announced. It is shortly to be decided at Baltimore, between a Bucks county, Pa., editor, and an ex-Governor of New Mexico. The one that first acknowledges himself satisfied eating oysters is to carry all the shells to Washington on his back, on the 4th of March, "keeping step to the music of the Union."

SOMEBODY, speaking of the undress style of dress in vogue in public circles in New York, generalizes the class as the "fifth avenuedity."

THE head clerk of a large mercantile house was bragging rather largely of the amount of business done by his "firm." "You may judge of its extent," said he, "when I tell you that the quills for our correspondence only cost two thousand dollars a year!" "Pooh!" said the clerk of another house, who was sitting by; "what is that to our correspondence, when I save four thousand dollars a year in ink, from merely omitting to dot the I's."

A LEGAL DECISION.—In a law court in Edinburgh, Scotland, in a case relating to the property of an officer of the Franklin Expedition, Dr. Rae's evidence was confirmatory of his previous opinion, that the whole of the Arctic party must have perished in May, 1850, after resorting to cannibalism to prolong their existence. He stated from his own knowledge, that the Esquimaux themselves occasionally perish from starvation. The Court so decided it.

SUPPOSED MURDER.—The body of an unknown man, apparently between 50 and 60 years of age, and dressed in dark clothing, was found on the turnpike road, between Columbia and Marietta, Pa., on the 30th ult., with the throat cut from ear to ear. No weapon of any kind was discovered, nor anything that would lead to an identification, except the envelope of a letter, addressed "Samuel M. Mason, Stemmer's Run, Baltimore county, Md.

CATAWBA brandy, made at Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently been purchased, it is said, at $5 per gallon for exportation to France, for the purpose of flavoring foreign liquors!

AN IMPOSTOR.—A beggar woman, while soliciting alms in Brooklyn, N. Y., a few days ago, accidentally dropped her bank book, on which over $500 were found to her credit.

SENTENCED FOR MAIL ROBBERY.—John T. Sandford, late postmaster at Florence, N. Y., pleaded guilty to the charge of robbing the mail, and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS."—A mother and four daughters, who all reside in Northampton, Mass., have had seventeen husbands amongst them. The mother has had 4; one daughter 4; and the other 3 daughters 3 each.

VALUE OF SCIENCE.—Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife or other piece of iron will, in a few days, produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood as to deceive the most careful observer; and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession stained with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but afterwards discovered to be simply lime juice.

WEATHER STATISTICS.—According to the weather record kept at the Pennsylvania Hospital, the mean temperature for the month of January, was 22½ deg., which is 9½ below the average of January for the last 32 years, 1½ below the January of last year, and the coldest month on the record, which extends back to 1824. The highest of the thermometer was 42 degrees, and the lowest 5 below zero, and there was no day on which it did not freeze, the thermometer not being higher than 32 on any morning at 7 o'clock. There were 66 hours of snow and 28 hours of rain during the month, and the amount of melted snow and rain was 3½ inches. The estimated depth of snow was 18 inches.

THE DAUGGING CASE.—The charge brought by Miss Stafford against Brigham Barton, has been withdrawn, and the accused has been discharged. The charge is believed to have been groundless, though her counsel said she had sustained a great wrong from some one. The young lady goes back to Vermont. Her testimony was very contradictory under cross examination, and at variance with her own affidavit. A letter was also produced by Mr. Barton, purporting to be from her, in which she implored him to come and see her, in affectionate though earnest terms. She said she did not know whether she had written this letter or not.

LAND WARRANTS.—These warrants at Washington, continue active at a further advance of 1 per acre. The Southern mails for the past few days have brought in large supplies, but the increasing demand in anticipation of the spring trade is still in excess of the supply. The following are the buying and selling rates as follows, viz:

	Buying.	Selling.
40 acre warrants	$1.11 per acre	$1.13 per acre
80 do do	22 "	23 "
160 do do	10 "	23 "
120 do do	23 "	25 "

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements—One Dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
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S. W. PEASE & Co, 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
SAFFORD & PARR, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 98 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

"TALK OF THE INFERIORITY OF THE FEMALE MIND!" exclaimed an excited Woman's Rights orateress, "why, Mr President, woman possesses infinitely more of the divine afflatus than man, and any one who attempts to get around her in these days, will have to start very early in the morning." That's so, and will apply with equal truth to the beautiful Clothing parlors at Granville Stokes' Emporium of Fashion, No. 239 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, which can't be beat.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—There are many well-attested cases of cures of this distressing complaint by the use of the Wild Cherry, as combined in Dr. Wistar's, in his famous Cough Balsam, which medicine has achieved a world-wide reputation.

FROST IN THE SOUTH.—We learn from our exchanges that the weather at the South has been extremely cold, that their usual sunny skies have been frosty, leaden ones, and that the Southerners have been half perished with the unusual cold. This is all suggestive of the fact that every man of these half-frozen people should have been wise in time and have procured for themselves comfortable garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ GRAY OLD BACHELORS AND LADIES prematurely gray, will be glad to learn that their hair can be restored to its original color and vibrancy, by using Professor Wedds' Hair Restorative. Those who have been bald for years are now wearing their own hair, and appear ten years younger than they did six months ago.—Louisville Journal. Sold by all the Druggists. janl4 2eow

WE WERE SURPRISED, says a friend, to see our old Bachelor friend with a beautiful head of Black Hair, when we had known for a number of years, and had always seen his head grey, we asked him what on earth he had been doing, he has hair did not look as if it had been dyed, he said he had used the Alpine Hair Balm for the last two months, and what we saw was the effect.

For sale by R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Boston, Mass., wholesale, and at retail by all Druggists.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Nov. by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOHN HOOVEN, to Miss AMANDA C. BAILEY, of West Philadelphia.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, Mr. SAMUEL R. MOORE, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH T. daughter of David R. Maddock, of Camden, N. J.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE W. SUBRICK, to Miss ANN E. SIMONS.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. CHARLES HARDY, to Miss MARY A. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. F. T. Caldwell, Mr. JONATHAN KERRIGH, to Miss FRANCES A. FORTNER, all of Camden, N. J.

In Manayunk, on the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOSEPH G. YARNALL, to Miss MARY PENNINGTON, both of Manayunk.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willets, Mr. PHINEAS T. HOUGH, Jr. to Miss LIZZIE T. LYNN, both of this city.

On the 30th Dec. 1856, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. FRANK MCCONAGHY, to Miss ANNIE L. MATLACK, daughter of Mason Matlack, Esq. both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Jacquett, Mr. WILLIAM KELLY, of Va. to Miss CATHARINE GOODWIN, daughter of Mr. Goodwin, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, Miss H. A. C. D. REEY, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Mr. Lewis D. FOX, of Wilmington, N. C.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. WILLIAM J. WILSON, to Miss SARAH HANNAH, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JOHN SHOWDEN, to Miss CORNELIA CLARK, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by John D. Wilson, Y. D. M., Mr. JAMES HOLLINGSWORTH, to Miss MARY E. HART, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, in Keokuk, by the Rev. J. M. Willers, Mr. JOHN L. SWARTZ, of Keokuk, to Miss SUE T. DEADY, of Philadelphia, Pa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Thomas Wilks, Mr. ALEXANDER G. MACKENZIE, Esq. of Gloucester, N. J. to Mrs. PRUDENCE M. ROSE, of this city.

On the 4th Dec. inst, by the Rev. R. Watts, Mr. JOHN CRAIG, to CHRISTINA DICKSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th Oct. inst, by the Rev. Thomas C. Yarnall, Mr. SAMUEL D. BRANSON, of Philadelphia, to Miss JANE SANDFORD, daughter of Mrs. Mary Coates, of Hamilton, West Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. N. M. Jones, Mr. JAMES MCFARLANE, to MARGARET GWINN, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Jacob H. Nicklas, Mr. HENRY A. MORRIS, to Miss ANNA C. JOLET, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Rejnock, Mr. DAVID K. LONG, to Miss HANNAH SIMPSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. N. M. Jones, Mr. PHILIP WANTON, of Montgomery county, to CATHARINE GETMAN, of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. J. Frankel, Mr. LOUIS POLLOCK, to Miss PAULINE COHEN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Jan. MARY S. HANNIS, daughter of Joseph and Esther E. Hannis, aged 17 months.

On the morning of the 4th instant, ISAAC R. DAVIS, in the 64th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 1st instant, Mr. THOMAS DUGAN, in the 42 year of his age.

On third day evening, 3d instant, of scarlet fever, ROWLAND JOHNSON, Jr. son of Ellwood and Mary T. Johnson, aged nearly 7 years.

On the 2d instant, Madame MARIE ANTOINETTE, widow of the late Henry Kloeser, in the 87th year of her age.

On the morning of the 3d instant, of inflammation of the lungs, JOHN STANLEY, son of Saml. and Maria Barton, in the 8th year of his age.

On the 3d of Feb. instant, CHARLES REYNOLDS, son of Washington L. and Mary Gilroy, aged 3 years, 2 months and 15 days.

In Walnut Lane, Germantown, February 3d, EMMA FLORENCE, infant daughter of Wm. F. and Elizabeth A. Smith.

On the 2d instant, ANDREW LAVERY, aged 39 years and 2 months.

On the 4th instant, JOHN KELLY, aged 6 years and 4 mos.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WAGNER, aged 65.

On the 3d instant, IDA, daughter of Thomas and Clara Keating.

On the 2d instant, CATHARINE LARKINS.

On the 4th instant, JAMES DOWER, aged 28 years.

On the 4th instant, THOMAS CORRIGAN, aged 68 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. WILLIAM BAILE, Sr. aged 66.

On the 4th instant, JULIA WOOD, aged 26 years.

On the 4th instant, MARGARET, wife of Chas. Moore, aged 38 years.

On the 2d instant, MARTHA, wife of Daniel Hagnauer, aged 35 years.

On the 2d instant, Miss MARY A. BAKER, aged 51 years.

On the 2d instant, SARAH BEACH, aged 64 years.

On the 2d instant, CHARLOTTE, wife of Leonard Fisher, aged 34 years.

On the 2d instant, THOMAS CLARK, aged 68 years.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES, son of Albert and Elizabeth Wiggins, aged 5 years.

In South Carolina, on the 17th ultimo, ANNIE M. COLLINS, aged 21 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of John S. Hill, aged 70 years.

On the 1st instant, MARY IRWIN, aged 90 years.

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH HYNDMAN, aged 23 years.

At Salem, N. J. on the 2d instant, BENJ. N. SMITH, Esq. Surrogate, of Salem county, aged 49 years.

On the 30th ultimo, MARGARET ANN, daughter of Roseanna and the late Wm. Bierkes, aged 12 years.

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Turner, aged 56 years.

On the 31st ultimo, JOHN CARR, aged 29 years.

On the 31st ultimo, ROSANNA, daughter of Adam and Mary McGarry, aged 4 years and 9 months.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. MARY, wife of Thos. Ribl, Sr. aged 60 years.

On the 31st ultimo, ELLWOOD COMLY, son of Chas. C. and Hannah C. Lloyd, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH KERR, aged 70.

On the 31st ultimo, MARY E. CARTER, aged 18 years.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM, son of Saml. and Ellen Simon, aged 5 years.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS AND OTHERS WISHING TO STUDY ECONOMY AND SAFETY will be sent on the receipt of 50 cents, directions (in full,) for manufacturing an article that will take the place of burning fluid or oil, will produce a more brilliant light, possesses no explosive qualities, is free from grease, much cheaper, and can be made in a few minutes.
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☞ Sold by Druggists generally throughout the United States. jan3-eow4t

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THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is devoted to the science of human nature. It aims

Wit and Humor.

A BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

At 16—Impatient palpitations towards the young ladies.

At 17—Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.

At 18—Confidence in conversing with them much increased.

At 19—Angry if treated by them as a boy.

At 20—Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.

At 21—A looking-glass in his room indispensable—to admire himself.

At 22—Insufferable puppyism.

At 23—Thinks no woman good enough for him.

At 24—Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.

At 25—The connexion broken off, for self-conceit on his part.

At 26—Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.

At 27—Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.

At 28—Mortified and frantic at being refused.

At 29—Rails against the fair sex in general.

At 30—Morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.

At 31—Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.

At 32—Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.

At 33—Still maintains a high opinion of his own attractions as a husband.

At 34—Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a "chicken."

At 35—Falls deeply and violently in love with one of "seventeen."

At 36—Another refusal.

At 37—Indulges in every kind of dissipation.

At 38—Shuns the best part of the female sex.

At 39—Suffers much remorse and mortification on so doing.

At 40—A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas—no spring shoots.

At 41—A nice young widow perplexes him.

At 42—Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.

At 43—Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflection.

At 44—The widow fills him, being as cautious as himself.

At 45—Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.

At 46—Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.

At 47—Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.

At 48—Thinks living "alone" quite irksome.

At 49—Resolves to have a prudent "young" woman as housekeeper and companion.

At 50—A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.

At 51—Much pleased with his own housekeeper as nurse.

At 52—Begins to feel "some" attachment to her.

At 53—His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.

At 54—Is in great distress how to act.

At 55—Completely under her influence, and very miserable.

At 56—Many painful thoughts about parting with her.

At 57—She refuses to live any longer with him *solo*.

At 58—Gouty, nervous and bilious to excess.

At 59—Falls very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.

At 60—Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her "favor," and makes his exit.—*Punch.*

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.—One cold morning last week, Mr. Popkins, a venerable settler, who has garoted in his day as much Hennessey and Bourbon whiskey as any other man, entered a grocery not a thousand miles from Cohasset, and took his seat near the stove. Mr. Grimes, the proprietor, looked up from his newspaper, and in the reply to the usual query regarding the news, made by Popkins, replied:—

"Those legislators, I fear, are going to bring up the liquor question again."

"I'm glad of it," said the veteran toper.

"Glad of it!" repeated Grimes, astonished at the assertion.

"Yes, Sir!" repeated Popkins; "it's time that something was done, for the jug of whiskey you sold me yesterday was frozen solid this morning."

Grimes looked at his paper, and thought of that last gallon of water he poured into the cask.—*Gazette.*

☞ A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In hopes of its abatement the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but, on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching his home.

The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he reappeared, drenched with rain.

"Where, in Heaven's name, have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog about the paws, and a weeping willow about the head.

"I!" said he, quietly shaking off the water—"I have been at home to tell my wife that, as it was such a bad night, I should not return."

HARD TO PLEASE.—A countryman in one of the western counties, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following conversation took place:—

"Do you want any meal, ma'am?"

"What do you ask for a bushel?"

"Tenpence, ma'am—prime."

"Oh, I can get it for five."

(In a despairing voice)—"Dear lady, will you take a bushel for nothing?"

"Is it sifted?"

☞ A father holding his little son across his knees and spanking him, the little urchin bit him severely on the leg; on which the parent said:—

"You young dog, how dare you bite me?"

The boy turned his head, and looking him in the face, said, "Father, who began first?"

AUGUSTUS AND MARY.—A MUDDY DENOUEMENT.—The Marysville (California) papers, give the following account of the chase of two *lovers* by an enraged third party (the *parient*,) who, as we take up the story, was following them across the Yuba River:

Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old man's face, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, made a dead halt in the road, and concluded to surrender.

Mary was frantic. Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking around through mud three feet deep, she gathered her husband by the legs and dragged him to the ground. Then grasping him tightly around the neck, she shouted to her father, who was now in speaking distance:

"You shan't part us. Right here up to our knees in mud we will live and die together!"

The old man started back in amazement.

"Yes," muttered the half used up Augustus, "we'll die right here in the mud."

"But, Maria, my child," groaned the old man, "are you not my daughter still?"

"Yes," was the reply, "and I'm his wife, too."

"And are you married?"

"We are," exclaimed both.

The old man looked daggers for a moment, closely scrutinizing the couple as they clung to each other in the mud, and turning his horse's head toward the city, he started off, saying—

"*That's all I wanted to know. You can now get out of the mud and come home.*"

THE FEAR OF BURIAL.—A friend of ours, a scholar of severe taste, says that his most painful fear in respect to death is the apprehension that his tombstone will be inscribed with a pompous eulogy in "badly spelled, ill-rhymed and ill-punctuated verses!" This reminds us of an anecdote of Jo Bartlett (of eccentric memory) who, on returning from London soon after the revolutionary war, suffered the shipwreck of the vessel of which he was supercargo, near Cape Cod, and, with the rest of the passengers, narrowly escaped with his life. Jo, while sojourning in France some years before, had imbibed the views of the French philosophers, and during the voyage had been constantly descanting on the doctrine that death is the "eternal sleep of the grave," &c., &c., but when the vessel struck the shore, he discovered the most cowardly anxiety for his safety. Being asked what had become of his philosophy and contempt of death, Jo answered, with his habitual drollery—"It is not, I assure you, that I fear to die, but I exceedingly dread the idea of being buried in such a dismal place as the back of Cape Cod!"—*Boston Post.*

FOR WHAT PURPOSE WERE THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT ERECTED?

This question has been much controverted.

One opinion is, that the Pyramids were *the granaries of Joseph*, which may be confuted by the smallness of the rooms, and the time required in building.

The Arabians generally think they were built by King Saurid, before the Deluge, as a refuge for himself and the public records from the Flood.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, who wrote A. D. 71, ascribes them to his countrymen during their captivity in Egypt.

Shaw and Bryant believed them to be temples, and the stone-chest a tank for holding water for purification. Pauw, contemporary with Shaw and Bryant, considers the Great Pyramid as the *tomb of Osiris.*

Others suppose the Pyramids to have been associated with worship; in conjunction with which it may be mentioned, that in the Sandwich Islands, Ellis, the missionary, saw a solid pyramidal structure, in front of which the images were kept, and the altars fixed.

But the greater number of writers, ancient and modern, believe the Great Pyramid to be the tomb of Cheops, the alleged builder; Maillet, in 1760, added, that the chambers were built for shutting up the friends of the deceased king with the dead body; and through the holes on each side of the central chamber they were to be supplied with food, &c.; yet more absurdly, an old Moulah, in 1799, told Bonaparte, when in Egypt, that the object was to keep the buried body undecayed, by closely sealing up all access to the outward air.

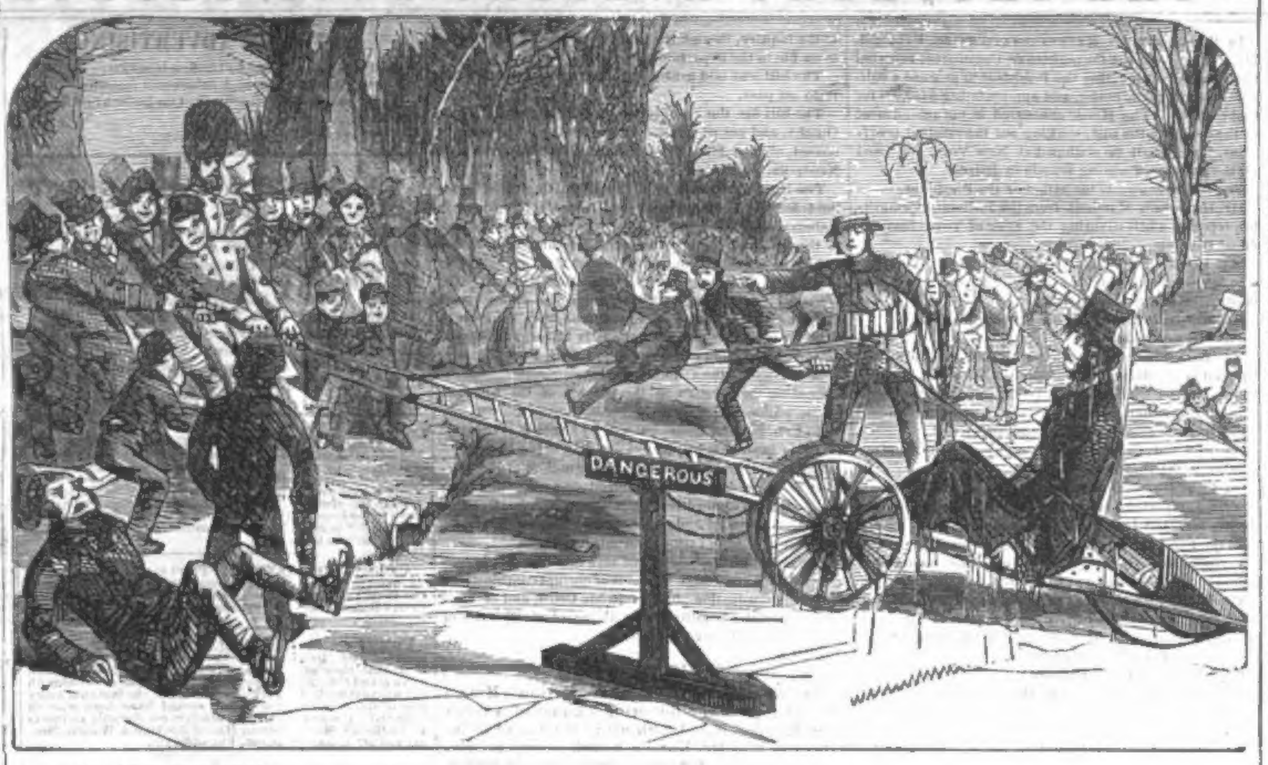
Another ingenious theory ascribes the Pyramids to the Shepherd Kings, a foreign pastoral nation which oppressed Egypt, in the early times of the Pharaohs. Wilkinson says:

"I do not pretend to explain or decide the real object for which these stupendous monuments were constructed, but feel persuaded that they have served for tombs, and have also been intended for astronomical purposes. For though it is vain to look for the pole star at the bottom of a passage descending at an angle of twenty-seven degrees, or to imagine that a *closed* passage, or a pyramid covered with a smooth and inaccessible casing was intended for an observatory; yet the form of the exterior might lead to many useful calculations. They stand exactly due north and south; and while the direction of the faces to the east and west might serve to fix the return of a certain period of the year, the shadow cast by the sun, or the time of its coinciding with their slope, might be observed for a similar purpose."

Aristotle's opinion, now generally adopted (*Pol.* v. ii.) is that the Pyramids were built "to keep the people well employed and poor;" because "it suits tyranny to reduce its subjects to poverty, that they may not be able to compose a guard; and that being employed in procuring their daily bread, they may have no leisure to conspire against their tyrants."

Baron Dupin calculates that the combined action of the steam-engines at work in Britain, some twenty years since, could raise from the quarries, and place as they now are, all the stones of the Great Pyramid in eighteen hours!—*Timbs's Curiosities of History.*

FASHION.—There is only one thing more powerful than the steam engine, and that is fashion. Fashion rules the women, the women rule the men, and the men rule the world: ergo—fashion is more powerful than all other influences combined. Fashion makes men ridiculous and women spendthrifts. It takes the human family by the nose and leads them into captivity. Fashion made the Hollander wear eighteen pairs of breeches at once, and caused Englishmen to wear boots so sharpened at the point that they could be used as toothpicks. Fashion builds our churches, fits up our pews, and even regulates the rights of sepulture. Fashion is a great power. What a pity it can never be enlisted on the side of common sense and early hours, goodness, and economy!



SKATING IN THE LONDON PARKS: "ANOTHER MAN IN!"

Although the English have no large amount of skating during the winter, yet any Londoner of spirit, even though he had never put skates on his feet, would repel with indignation the idea of being incapable of performing a flourish on the ice. Has not Mr. Dickens furnished the world with a great example in this respect? "'You skate, of course, Winkle?' said Mr. Wardle. 'Ye—yes. Oh, yes,' replied Mr. Winkle. 'I am rather out of practice.'" There are few Winkles who would not sooner confess to having committed some serious outrage than to being unable to skate; a fact of which the above engraving is an apt illustration.

Agricultural.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE CHINESE SUGAR PLANT.

The cultivation of the *Sorghum*, or Chinese sugar plant, has thus far proved so decidedly successful in this country, not only in the South, where it seems to have been demonstrated that two Crops or cuttings of sugar-bearing stalks can be obtained in one season from the same roots of that year's planting, but even so far north as Minnesota, where it is testified that good syrup was made in 1856, from stalks hardly a hundred days from the seed, that we are impelled to urge upon our farmers and gardeners the importance of early attention to the procuring of seed and planting for the season just before us. Let us all grow the seed this year, so that it can never more be so scarce that speculators may run it up to an exorbitant price. A great deal remains to be settled with regard to this plant, especially the best mode of converting its saccharine properties into crystalized sugar; and it is highly probable that better varieties of it will ultimately be discovered, at least for certain localities, than that now current in this country. For the present, however, it is advisable to continue and extend the cultivation of that which is accessible, and thus test the effect of acclimation on the character of the plant and the sweetness of its juices. We suspect that for Louisiana, Florida and Texas, the Sorghum of Southern Africa will ultimately be found preferable to that obtained from France by our Patent Office, and from China by France. If it prove true that this plant, or certain varieties of it, can be grown from year to year in semi-tropical latitudes from the same root, as the cane is grown in the West Indies, and that two or more crops of sugar yielding stalks may be cut from that root each season, then there can be little doubt that our Southern States are destined still to lead the North in the production of sugar. For the present, however, it suffices that the Sorghum may be grown wherever Indian corn will usually ripen—that its abundant juice makes a very pleasant syrup or molasses, to which it is easily reduced by boiling away four-fifths of it in the ordinary mode of sugar-making from the sap of the maple—and that the leaves and stalks, whether green or dry, of the Sorghum make an admirable fodder for cattle, horses or hogs, while the seeds are eaten with avidity by fowls also, to justify the general interest evinced in its cultivation. We propose, therefore, to condense into the smallest space some practical directions to the prospective cultivator—as follows:

1. *Seed.*—If there be a seed store within your reach, your easiest way is to send and buy what seed you want. In planting to raise seed (the first year's object,) a pound will suffice for an acre; and this ought not to cost more than a dollar. But beware of impostors and swindlers, for bushels of broom-corn and kindred seeds will be palmed off as that of the Sorghum. Where you cannot readily obtain seed in this way, write to your member of Congress asking him to send you a paper, and he will generally be able to do so. If not, the Secretary of your State Agricultural Society may be able to supply you.

2. *Planting.*—Choose a warm, mellow soil, such as you would confidently expect to grow at least fifty bushels of Indian corn to the acre. Plough early, plough deep and thoroughly. Plant as early as you could venture to plant corn. If you have a hot-bed, start a little seed in one corner of it. If you plant considerably, put in your seed at different times—say, in this latitude, one quarter each on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of May, and 1st of June respectively. Plant (for seed) in hills, six seeds to the hill, and at distance of four feet each way. Try some five feet apart east and west (so as to let in the sun between the rows,) and some in drills—say four to five feet apart east and west, with the seeds six inches apart in the drill, and thin the plants to one foot apart. If you have seed in abundance, sow a little in drills two feet apart, the seeds in the drill but two or three inches apart. Cover lightly, as the seed rots if covered deeply. Keep the hens at a distance, or it will come up too soon.

3. *Tillage.*—The Sorghum comes up looking very puny—much like broom-corn or barn-grass. If you set a blockhead to weed it, he will probably pull it up and report that it never germinated. Cultivate like Indian corn—only faithfully. If suckers start, a majority say pinch them or pull them off—that is, in growing for seed. This need not be done in growing for sugar.

4. *Harvesting.*—Whenever the seed shall be hard and black, cut off the upper part of the stalks, say three feet long, and hang them up like broom-corn, in a dry chamber, suspended from the ceiling, so as to be out of the way of rats, &c. Now cut up your stalks, pull off the leaves, and satisfy yourself that all manner of stock will eat them; cut up a few of the stalks as you would cornstalks, and try a like experiment with them; and put the rest of the stalks through any kind of a crushing-mill that may be handy—a cider-mill would be better than nothing—catch the juice and instantly warm it over a slow fire in a large kettle, skimming off the scum so long as any shall rise. Then boil the juice about four fifths away, as if it were maple sap. Use a little lime or lime-water to neutralize the phosphoric acid, which otherwise will give a slightly acid but not unpleasant taste to the syrup. Save some syrup *without* thus neutralizing the acid, as you may like it better that way. Don't waste the scum, but throw it to the pigs, where it will make at least excellent manure. Feed the pumice or crushed stalks to your cattle; and, having thus cleared the ground, be ready to plant or sow extensively next spring.

5. *Fodder.*—We estimate that, whenever seed shall be sufficiently abundant, any rich, warm land will produce a third more fodder per acre if sown with Sorghum than if sown with Indian Corn, and that the Sorghum is at least twenty-five per cent. more nutritious than the corn. But all that can be effected this year is to grow a good supply of seed, and prove that this plant is valuable both for syrup and fodder. Next year will be soon enough for most cultivators to think of sowing for fodder or grinding for sugar.

One word of caution to experimenters: Don't run the thing into the ground. The Sorghum will prove a valuable addition to our crops, if we don't render it odious by some multicaulis foolery. But wheat, Indian corn and clover are not going out of fashion for some years yet.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A HOTBED AND ITS MANAGEMENT.

Last month, the making of the frame and the covering for a hotbed were treated of. This month we shall say something about the making of the bed itself. Some of our readers imagine that a hotbed is something that is only fit to be an appurtenance to some rich man's conservatory. But it is no such thing. It is a luxury which every farmer may have who has the use of his hands, or who has a boy that is handy, and who keeps a pair of horses; and he can enjoy its productions just as well as the richest merchant prince who ever sent a vessel out of the port of New York.

The month of February is rather early in our climate to commence making the bed, but the latter part of the month is not too soon to select the place where it should be, and to commence to draw the manure to it. A bed for a frame twelve feet long, and six feet in width, will require about eight or ten single sleighloads of good fresh horse manure. The manure may be drawn and thrown loosely into a pile beside where the bed is to be made, and let stand for a few days. No matter what the size of your frame may be, the outside of the bed should be at least twelve or fifteen inches larger than the outside of the frame. A good plan to guide a green hand in this operation, is to drive a stake at each of the four corners, to the exact height to which the bed is to be made. Or an outside casing of rough boards may be nailed to the stakes, and the bed made up by filling it in evenly and solidly to the required height. This casing of boards outside makes the bed a neater affair, and where the ladies of the family choose to do the gardening, it is more agreeable for them. Another advantage is that when the bed sinks, and the weather should be colder than expected, the bottom between the casing and the frame may be filled up with fresh manure, which aids very much to protect the frame and keep up the heat. As a general rule, gardeners make their beds about three to four feet high, and they gradually sink until they are only about two to two and a half feet in height. One of the difficulties occasioned by this gradual subsidence, when the bed is not well made, is that it will lean to the side, or else it will sink in the middle, and the frame being held up at both ends, a hollow will appear. The manure, therefore, should be laid on evenly, and beat down slightly with the fork, and the bed raised gradually to the required height, so that when completed, it would be perfectly level and square. When the bed is thus made, the frame may be placed upon it, and good soil that has the consistence of fine garden mould may be filled in to within six inches of the top of the lowest side. This should be levelled off and let stand for a few days, so that any weed or grass seeds which are in it may have time to show themselves and be destroyed by raking the surface, and stirring it a little. When the soil to be used is considered too stiff, a mixture of good sharp sand and leached ashes will mellow it, and sometimes it may be necessary to riddle the soil through a coarse wire sieve, before it becomes what should be considered suitable tilth. When the bed is made and ready, which should be from the first to the third week in March, then the seeds are to be sown, and you may plan what shall be sown in it. Where plants are wanted for early crops in the open garden, you must be guided in some degree by the season, as for this purpose seeds may be sown too early. Onions, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers may be sown at any time, so that the bed be watched, and plenty of air given. The bed must be carefully watered often, not deluged at one time, and left to dry up at another. Heat and moisture are the two great elements requisite for vegetable growth, with air to prevent the plants from spindling up.

To those who mean to keep a flower garden, a hotbed that is almost spent, is just what they want to give their dahlias and other tuberous-rooted flowers an early start. So with annuals of every kind, which may all be started, so as to be ready to flower early in July, instead of having to wait for them until August and September, and every one knows that when you once get such annuals started as French Marigolds, the Larkspurs, the Asters, the Balsams, the Stock Gillyflowers, the Candytufts, the Petunias, the Lupins, they may all be blooming at least a month or six weeks earlier than if sown in the open ground.—*Michigan Farmer.*

WINTER THE BEST TIME TO BUILD GREEN HOUSES.—We would stongly urge on all those who contemplate erecting good substantial green-houses, or any other similar horticultural structure, the advantage of the winter for getting the carpenter's work done. The common practice is to put it off as long as possible, and then commence just soon enough *to be too late* to get in readiness at the desired time. Now, the consequence is, everything is done in a hurry, and many little matters over looked, that might have added much to the durability of the house—a point of immense importance in such destructible buildings as those under consideration. More especially are the sashes benefitted by being made, glazed and painted some time before putting them on.

In nine times out of ten, when put on soon after glazing, the glass slips from its place, more or less, and the putty being soft, often is injured in the handling, all of which is remedied by being made some time before using. On the score of economy, it is also to be recommended, simply from the fact that it is always easier to get good workmen at reduced prices during the slack time of winter, than any other.

By following this advice, any person contemplating building a vinery, can easily enough have it in readiness for use next spring, as the masonry, if any, takes but a short time to do. But if any one leaves the carpenter's work until the busy time of spring, and then expects to be in time for planting the vines, and thus secure the season's growth, they will generally find themselves mistaken.

We say again, then if you contemplate building, decide upon the structure, and set your carpenter to work in getting out his part of the building, and which, when spring opens, can be reared in a short time, in the best possible condition for withstanding the elements it will have to war against.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

CHEAP WAY OF CUTTING DITCHES.—I will say a few words about laying tile, that may be of interest to some of your readers. We have laid one hundred rods in a day, with one team, four men and one boy, and covered them all complete. We plough two furrows with a common plough, as deep as we can; then take a subsoil plough, with a piece of plank four feet long attached to the mould-board, for the purpose of raising the dirt, and go through twice with this, which will leave a ditch two feet deep which is as deep as it will answer to lay in a hard soil. After cleaning out the loose soil we have a scoop the shape of the tile, with which we finish the ditch. After laying the tile and covering them with straw, take a one horse plough and plough the soil into the ditch, and finish with a hoe. I think a scraper made like a V, would do the covering faster and better.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

BIG FEET.—That was not a bad idea of a large foot, which was conveyed in the remark of a shoemaker, to a man of "great understanding" who had called to be measured for a pair of boots:

"No use in measuring that foot, sir; we cant get a last that will come near it; we shall be obliged to *build* a boot over your foot; there is no other way, sir, I assure you!"

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 5, 14, 29, 7, 24, 13, 12, was a President of the United States.

My 2, 14, 28, 31, is one of the four cardinal points.

My 3, 23, 20, 32, is what many people waste.

My 13, 4, 30, 18, is one of the United States.

My 5, 8, 16, 30, 26, 30, is the name of a male.

My 6, 31, 16, is a numeral adjective.

My 7, 15, 20, 23, 37, 13, 30, 31, is one of the United States.

My 8, 18, 48, 49, 10, is one of the four cardinal points.

My 12, 23, 15, 20, 7, 5, 26, is the name of a male.

My 9, is the same as my 3.

My 29, 11, 37, 42, 38, 24, 40, 25, 47, is one of the U. States.

My 17, 34, 20, 6, 27, 31, is a nut.

My 19, 16, 38, is a short poem.

My 10, 37, 23, 12, 2, means to join.

My 20, 7, 24, 29, is a catalogue.

My 21, 32, 45, 30, 43, is the name of a male.

My 22, 11, 44, 45, is what every person should do to the Post.

My 31, 20, 30, 40, 41, 34, 38, means to raise.

My 35, 13, 42, 13, 27, 42, means dignity.

My 37, 32, 39, 40, is what we all like to hear.

My 44, 21, 40, 31, 30, 29, 7, 40, 25, is what every business man should do.

My 35, 18, 19, 23, is a division of time.

My 45, 30, 32, is what we all must do.

My whole is a rhyme in which there is much truth

Pittsburg, Pa. W. B., Jr.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 5, 16, 33, 31, 26, is a town in Ireland.

My 44, 39, 40, 47, is a river in Russia.

My 48, 50, 52, 36, 27, is an island in the Columbian a pelago.

My 47, 24, 13, 14, 45, 50, 36, 47, is a volcano in S America.

My 22, 7, 40, 3, 10, 44, 43, 9, 15, 13, 17, 11, 4, is a m tain in South America.

My 18, 12, 28, 14, 22, 1, 22, 39, is a lake in S. Ame

My 6, 1, 22, 21, 30, 36, 40, is a county in Pennsylva

My 20, 39, 46, 48, 49, 50, 47, 30, is a cape on the e of the United States.

My 2, 1, 37, 42, 41, 23, 24, is a bay on the south North America.

My 31, 32, 50, 51, 34, 33, is a harbor on the as the United States.

My 54, 55, 14, 15, is an important canal in the U.

My 3, 60, 29, 45, is a duchy.

My 5, 8, 16, 17, 29, 36, 37, is a gulf on the coast tralia.

My 53, 32, 20, 44, 12, 13, 60, 7, is a town in In

My 18, 47, 14, 3, 35, 1, 8, is a county in Virgin

My whole is a well-known standard work.

PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENIN

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 8, 24, 16, 23, 1, 28, 30, 14 is a property of matte

My 5, 22, 3, 17, 11, is one of the mechanical powers

My 25, 19, 20, 8, 12, 28, 13, 21, 9, the resu bodies meet with is rubbing against e

My 27, 10, 6, 15, is produced by friction.

My 18, 35, 36, 2, 34, 17, 29, 30, 32, , is that earth's orbit nearest the sun.

My 33, 29, 7, 14, 17, is a flat surface.

My 26, 34, 7, 31, 35, 37, are the appearances of th

My 25, 24, 19, 22, 23, is that power which sets body either tending to create or stop motio

My 4, 9, 10, 26, 12, 20, 7, is one of the inherent pr of matter.

My whole was a renowned scholar. CIN

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 3, 4, 2, 6, 7, 4, 9, 5, is a town in China.

My 8, 5, 9, 7, 2, is a county in the north part of vania.

My 5, 9, 6, 3, 2, is a county in Michigan.

My 3, 2, 7, 5, 10, 2, 1, is a bay in the western part Huron.

My whole was a noble minded gene al who f the war of the Revolution.

White Hall, Ohio. JOHN W. CRA

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING P

Two lovers seated in a grove—
Discoursed of never-ending love,
And matrimonial bliss;
He drew the maiden to his breast,
And on my *first*'s fair cheek he pressed,
An ardent lover's kiss.

The forms of marriage differ wide—
To make "one flesh" of groom and bride,
Though each attains that end;
With some it is an honor reckoned
To have the church-bell do my *second*.
What is't I mean, my friend?

In spring of year, when blue-birds sing,
And the swift swallow on the wing
Pursues his natural prey—
The fisherman essnares my *whole*,
In places where the water's shoal.
Tell me the answer, pray? GAHMEW

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My first is a covering for the head—
Is worn by women even in bed;
My second is an English article,
Used in describing a particle."

My third is always seen in a nation
That has a very numerous population
My whole you will always see
When you look at a western prairie.

Belleville, Ill. FAV

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You cannot do wrong if you are my first in your dea tage; my second is slippery, and my whole is ofte difficult to obtain. J. T. G

Tompkinsburg, N. Y.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

Erase my 6th, 8th and 9th, and I become what is every parlor.

Erase my 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, A part of the apparel.

Erase my 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th what are used on railroads.

Erase my 1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, and I be a mischievous animal.

Erase my 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th and 9th, and I be indispensable to the clerk.

Erase my 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 8th what every sewing person lays by.

My whole is an important tradesm Camden county, N. J.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POS

A well containing 100 barrels of water can be em by 15 men in 30 minutes. (That is of all the 100 barrels what can in during the 30 minutes.) 11 men can it in 45 minutes. Supposing the well to be empty time will be required for it to fill?

Mo. QUINTILI

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATUR

☞ When is an open falsehood ' Ans.—When it is a bare lie. (Bare

☞ What is it which by addit Ans.—Light.

☞ What lady's name is it Ans.—Marry. (Mary.)

☞ When is a man like When he is an heir. (Air.)

Western Ohio.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES I

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—J. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Quadal CELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Ovid's M morphoe CHARADE.—Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. (Ham Prince of Den-Mark.) CHARADE.—Sanram (Sack-ray-men-tor.) CHARADE.—Washington RADE.—Allaplee. PROBLEM.—Discount 173 cent. Expenses 161 60-100. ANAGRAMS.—1. Vi —2. China.—3. Bogota.—4. Quito.—5. Anon.—6 loga.